BEER OR CIVIL WAR by RUPERT HUGHES

OCT: 29,
1932

Liberty

5¢

PRINTED IN CANADA

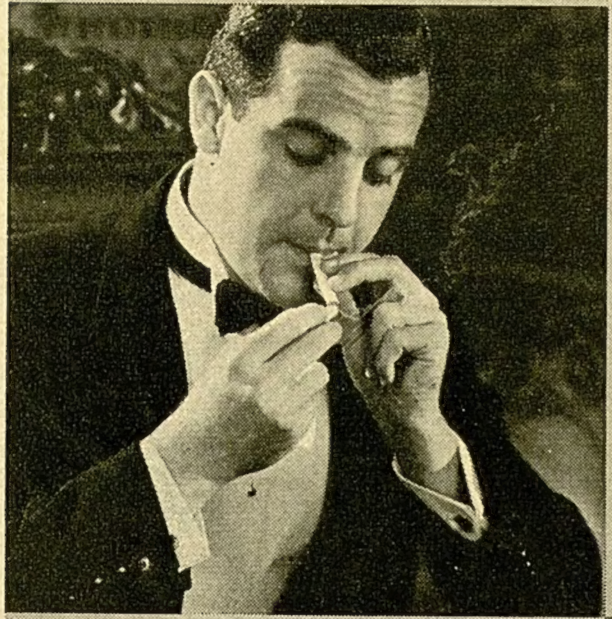
America's Best Read Weekly

Leslie Thrasher

Mouth-Happiness
IN 3 MOVES . . .

MOVE NO. 1

Light a Spud. Don't let its menthol coolness take you off-guard. That's where Old Man Habit may try to head you off. Good players always look several moves ahead to the objective. And Move No. 1 in Spuds leads to mouth-happiness.

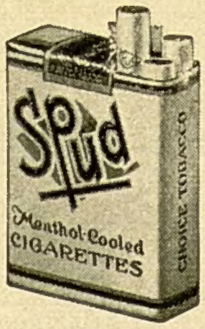


MOVE NO. 2

Smoke several Spuds. The menthol taste is gone . . . the coolness remains. Old Man Habit is surrounded. He is about ready to admit that Spud's moist-cool, clean taste keeps your palate keen and increases your tobacco enjoyment.

MOVE NO. 3

Smoke through a pack of Spuds. You've mated Old Man Habit. You've acquired the taste for Spud. You've gained your objective . . . Spud's fine tobacco flavor, Spud's continual cool, clean taste . . . Spud's mouth-happiness.



SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 20c

(30c IN CANADA) · THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

OCTOBER 29, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 44

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

REMOVE ALL TAXES FROM CAPITAL AND LABOR

To free capital and labor from taxes—is it a wild Utopian dream? Believers in the single tax maintain that it can be done.

It is throttling taxes that makes recovery from the depression more difficult. Every effort to promote business has to face taxes unparalleled in nature.

Just imagine the results of the announcement that business would no longer be taxed; that the huge financial load that business is now shouldering would be entirely removed.

The depression would be over in a month.

Every business man would breathe a great sigh of relief. He would increase his investments, his promotion activities, and would add to his force of employees and greatly augment his business.

And if labor also were freed from this incubus—yes, the average workingman will say that he is now free from taxes, but he is laboring under a delusion. Every pair of shoes he buys, every article of clothing, groceries, merchandise of practically every nature, is increased in price because of the tax that all businesses are now paying.

Indirect taxation is one of the greatest evils. It is hidden away so thoroughly that the ordinary citizen is unaware of its existence. But he pays taxes on everything he buys.

But if capital and labor are to be relieved of all taxation, from what source will the government secure its financial needs?

From land values, the single taxers tell us.

But why rob the landowners? the average citizen may ask. And in order to answer clearly that question you will have to go back to our accepted principle of landownership.

Our great cities were formerly farms; cornfields were turned into city blocks. The value of this land was increased in some cases ten-thousandfold.

Who created these increased values? Certainly not the landowner.

The citizens who built up the community created these values.

We believe thoroughly in the principle that when anyone creates a value of any nature it is his personal property. If John Jones, Jim Smith, and a number of other people combine and create values, these values should belong to them. Therefore, if we adhere to this absolutely just principle, the land values created by any community or city should belong to the citizens who created them.

That is the firm foundation upon which Henry George built his theory of single tax: that the values created by a community should belong to the community, and that ground rent, instead of being paid to landowners, should be paid in place of taxes to the government.

When Henry George presented this doctrine we were so prosperous as a nation that revolutionary theories, regardless of their nature, attracted little attention. But now we are in the midst of serious problems. Many of our great leaders fear a possible revolution.

It is said that more than 50 per cent of the wealth of this country is owned by 1 per cent of the population. No one would advocate a redistribution of wealth, and doubtless we are hardly ready to rob the landowners of their ground rent. But we have to recognize the injustice of the principle that gives to a landowner the increased value of land that is created entirely by the community in which his land is located.

Now you can call that principle single tax or give it any name you choose, but it is the simplest form of justice. What you create should belong to you; what the community creates should belong to it.

Some of our old-time politicians may choke with indignation at such a revolutionary suggestion, but there are times when a patient's illness is so severe that an operation is required, and the problems we are now facing demand drastic measures.

The single-tax principle would be bitter medicine for those who have been enjoying the unearned fruits of increased land values, but it would certainly be preferable to the mighty upheaval that often comes with revolutionary governmental changes.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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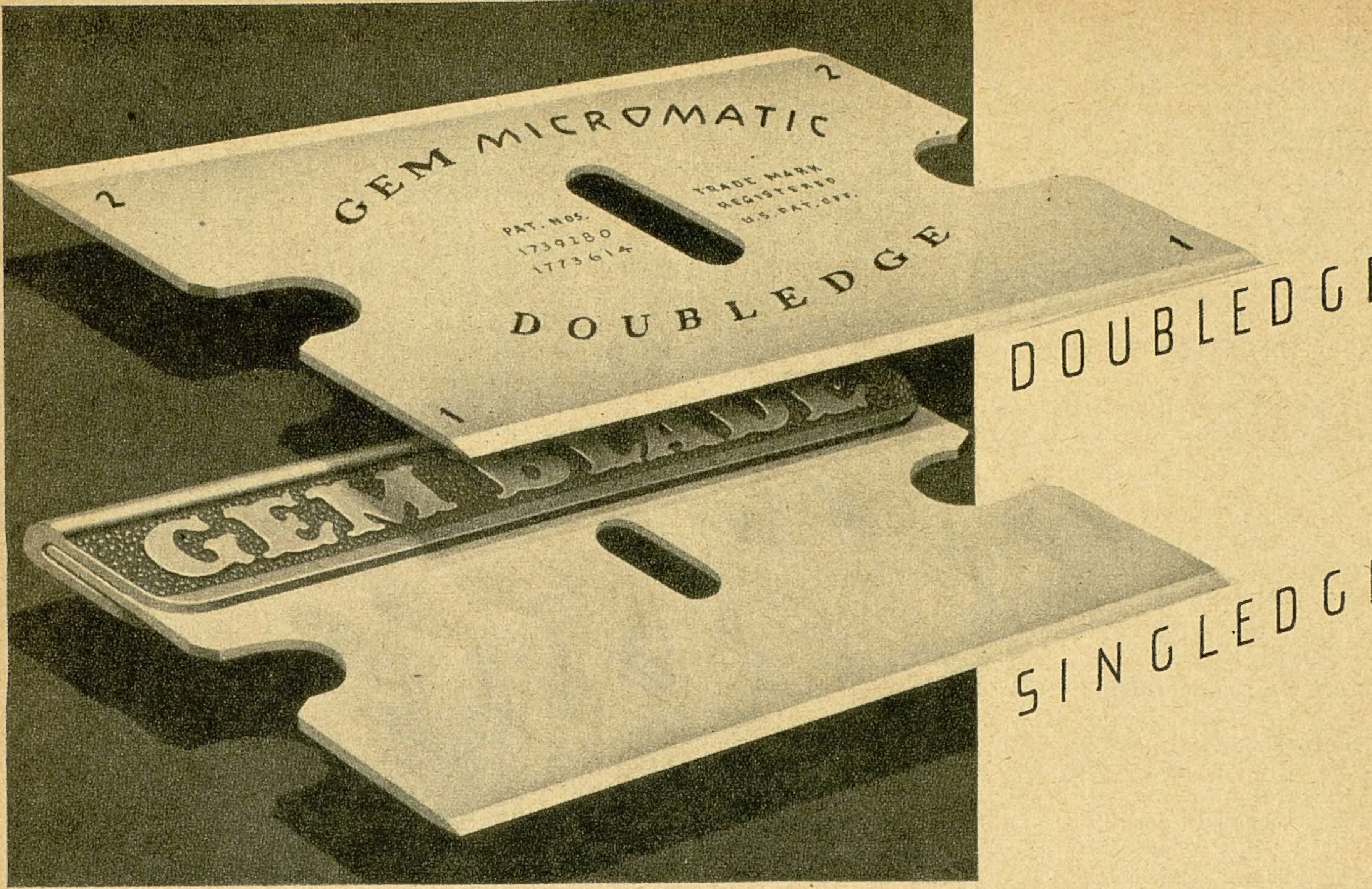
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GEM BLADE
DOUBLEDGE
SINGLEDGE

Straight Blade Talk

This new GEM Doubledge Blade asks the opportunity to convince you that a rigid blade razor is best for *your* beard.

For more than thirty years, GEM has played a *straight* game. We've waited until now to offer a *double-edged* blade, because we hadn't yet perfected a double-edged blade that did *not* have to be *curved* in the frame.

We not only had to design a better *blade,* but we had to devise a completely different frame to *fit* it.

And we spent $660,000 to create a more *efficient* one.

Unit construction. No removable parts. Unbreakable and unwearable. Heavier, handier, handsomer. And *too simple* to go wrong.

Crowded with exclusive, patented features, including dual-alignment, which sets the blade so accurately that it can't scuff the face or skip a hair.

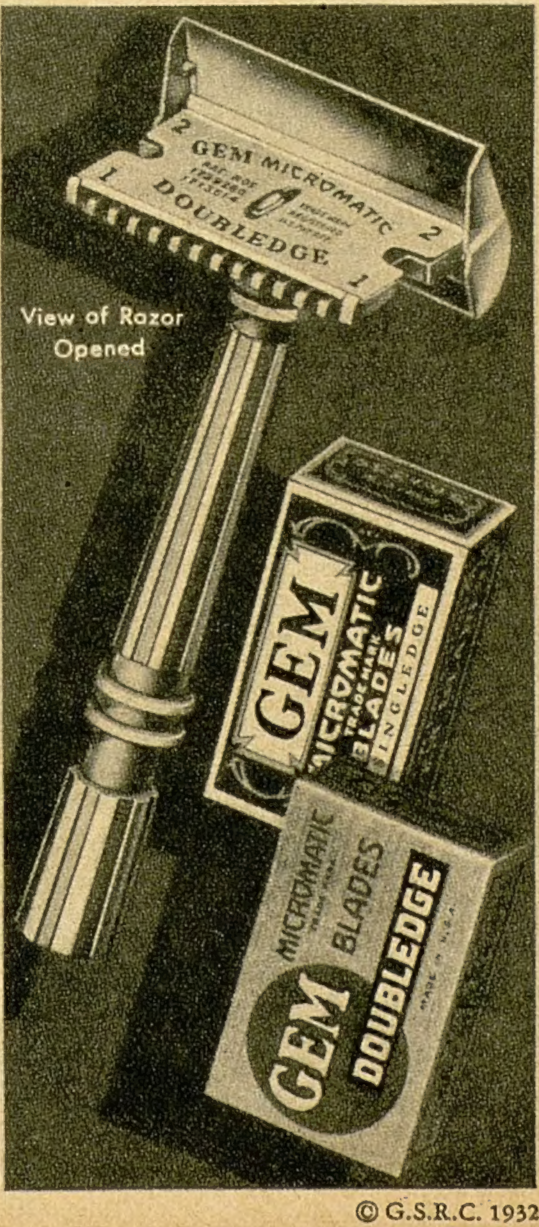
The correct shaving angle is shaped in the beveled head, which lies flat to the cheek and *compels* you to shave with the swift, long, gliding stroke that the *barber* uses.

GEM Doubledge Blades are numbered on each side, and the frame protectively covers and holds one edge in reserve until the other is worked to the limit of its keenness.

The new Micromatic GEM is designed to fit both single- and double-edged GEM Blades—whose deep, wedge-edge makes 'em last 50% longer.

Made of 50% thicker surgical steel—steel that *must* be 100% sound and flawless. And no face can sprout stubble tough enough to baffle blades of such supreme quality.

There's only *one* GEM and it's only *one* dollar. Gold-plated *everywhere* and *sold* there, too.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DOUBLEDGE
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GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
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I'm willing to treat my beard to comfort at your expense. Mail me my FREE Gem Doubledge Blade.

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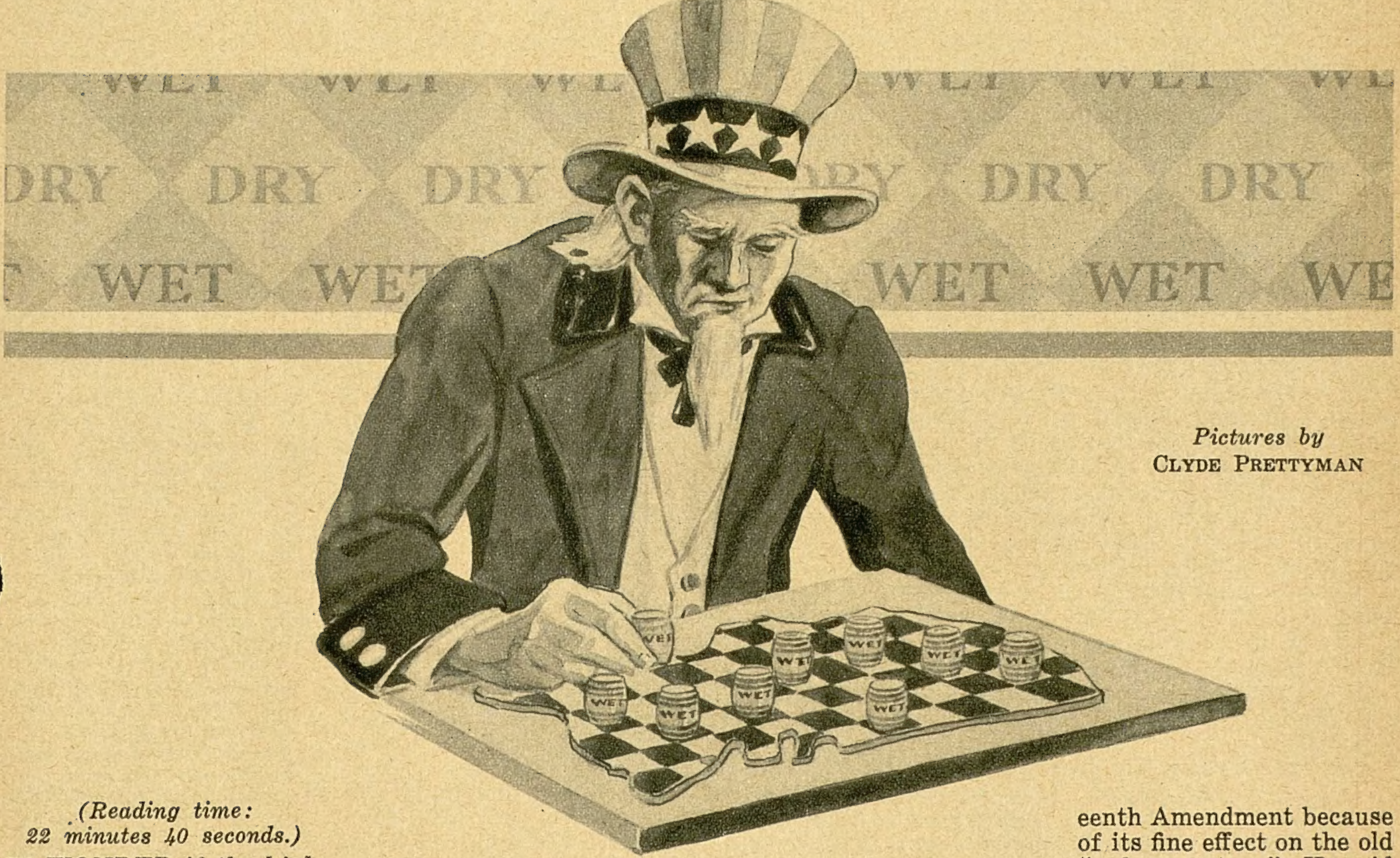
Beer *or* Civil War

By RUPERT HUGHES



Pictures by
CLYDE PRETTYMAN

A Striking Picture of What Can Happen if the Republican Resubmission Plan Is Adopted

(Reading time: 22 minutes 40 seconds.)

I WONDER if the high sponsors of the Republican platform ever stopped to visualize, not to say realize, what would really happen if the country should adopt it. The resubmission plan retains Federal control of liquor and guarantees that the national government will protect dry states against wet states.

Did any of them foresee that this is simply a promise of civil war, chaos, anarchy?

Of course, the provision may have been contrived solely with the laudable desire to satisfy as many people as possible—a fine thing in a republic, though vicious critics say that it was a tricky subterfuge to capture the wet vote without losing the dry vote.

But the plan seems to me to lack the ingenuity to be expected of tricksters.

After four years of noble experimenting, President Hoover, according to his acceptance address, reached the conclusion that the bootleggers, the speakeasy, and the orgy of crime had become intolerable. Of course, small and impatient minds had found that out four years before, but great minds move slowly.

To the consternation of the drys, who said that President Hoover was their last hope and would not betray their convictions, he went further than the plank and, in the words of many prohibitionists, declared himself "as wet as Al Smith was four years ago."

In his acceptance President Hoover praised the Eighteenth Amendment because of its fine effect on the old "saloon system." He said that it "smashed that régime as by a stroke of lightning. I cannot consent to the return of that system again."

The choice of metaphor was more correct than he intended, perhaps, for a stroke of lightning is about the least trustworthy tool one can use in the destruction of any system. It generally leaves charred ruins and wrecks the surrounding landscape.

President Hoover admits that the results of the Eighteenth lightning stroke are highly unsatisfactory. It could only succeed with state help and "an increasing number of states and municipalities are proving themselves unwilling to engage in such enforcement."

He does not say why, but notes "in large sections increasing illegal traffic in liquor . . . a spread of disrespect not only for this law but for all laws, grave dangers of practical nullification of the Constitution, an increase in subsidized crime and violence; and I cannot consent to the continuance of this régime.

"I refuse to accept either of these destinies. On the one hand, the return to the old saloon with its political and social corruption; or on the other, to endure the bootlegger and the speakeasy with their abuses and crime. Either of them are intolerable. These are not the ways out."

His solution is "that each state shall be given a right to deal with the problem as it may determine, but subject

to absolute guaranties in the Constitution of the United States to protect each state from interference and invasion by its neighbors, and that in no part of the United States shall there be a return of the saloon system, with its inevitable political and social corruption."

Now, in spite of all the eloquent pother, nothing is easier than to prevent the return of the saloon. Anybody who can understand English must realize that a thing cannot possibly return until it has gone away. To call a saloon a "speakeasy" and put it upstairs in the back of the house does not do away with it. But laying aside quibbles over quibbles, the Republican candidate and platform promise something impossible to achieve and ruinous in the attempt, for they guarantee to protect a few states from the majority of states without saying just how they will do it.

In plain words: if a bare majority of the voters in State A want to be dry, the state is going to be dry. If A is surrounded by the wet states B, C, D, and E, the United States will draw a cordon of guards about A and forcefully prevent any smuggling of liquor into it. This can only mean that here and there about the country there will be—if the bull may be excused—little dry oases surrounded by garrisons of Federal troops. Prohibition cannot be repealed even partially in the Republican manner unless a majority of the states vote for repeal. Consequently, only a minority of the states would remain dry and these would be promised—guaranteed!—protection from the majority. This protection could be furnished only by armed men, Federal police, armed boats.

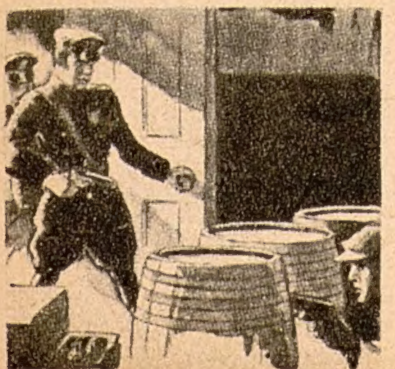
In every state there would be also a vast amount of home manufacture of liquor. Everybody knows that even now there is in every dry state as much liquor as the demand requires. Getting liquor in the driest state is easy, though it involves varying inconveniences, extra expenses, and occasional risks of exposure and punishment.

For twelve years the government has turned its old revenue-collecting forces into enormously enlarged revenue-preventing forces. Only a fanatic could claim that anybody who earnestly wanted liquor has ever been prevented from getting it.

The whole business is a colossal sarcasm. As a very prominent newspaper man told an exceedingly important official: "The liquor situation has steadily improved, for you can get more liquor and better liquor at lower prices every day."

THIS is as true of the dry states as of the wet. But under the promised guaranties, what will the Federal forces guarding the dry states against the wet enemies do about the villains behind their backs, inside the fortresses? These local bootleggers will go calmly on with their home brewing, distilling, or otherwise providing alcoholic beverages.

Neither the Republican plank nor President Hoover even mentions this exceedingly vital point, though President Hoover says that "American statesmanship is capable of working out such a solution and making it effective." But statesmen competent to solve prohibition riddles have been conspicuously missing during the last twelve years and he does not state where the new statesmanship is coming from, or how the forces that could not dry up the continent as a unit can keep certain isolated spots dry.



Assuming that the Republicans sweep the country, and the nation adopts their solution of the unendurable situation, what will happen? Having seen something like it tried in my youth, I can visualize the inevitable result and it appalls me.

When I was a boy in Iowa the state passed a dry law of its own and the prohibitionists indulged in one of their carnivals of rejoicing over the final salvation of mankind from human nature and the devil. As usual, they began their demonstration of the new perfection by what would be called in other people a piratical attack on property. They smashed all the bottles, barrels, and kegs they could reach. I actually saw the gutters running with whisky, beer, ale, wines, and what not. The crackling of barrels was loud in the land. The bibulous studied the rollicking floods with woe, but the good people rejoiced, sang hymns, and praised the Lord that our town had finally and forever done away not only with drunkenness, but therefore, of course, with murder, theft, infidelity, impoliteness, and halitosis.

MY home town was Keokuk, a little city of fine quality seated in one of the most beautiful spots on earth, on an acropolis round which the Mississippi River winds in a great semicircle.

But Old Man Mississippi was the cause of no end of trouble at this time. For the first few days of Iowan prohibition, those who had not stored up liquor against the glorious dawn walked or ran or rode or took a train across the long bridge to Illinois. Some went across in rowboats and a little Liquorville grew up with mushroom speed. Child as I was, I saw something fatuous in the situation and I wrote a grand poem of which I can remember only these lines published in the Gate-City:

So old Illinois with Iowa
will share
The drinks,
Methinks.

If people could and would cross the mile-wide river that marks Iowa's eastern boundary with a funny face, they could still more easily cross the entirely imaginary not even inch-wide state lines that cut the state off from those on the north, south, and west.

And the bibulous could bring back not only what they had swallowed but what they could hide about their persons or vehicles. And they did, in spite of the extra efforts and the snooping of the harrowed and harrowing drys.

The Republican Plan
on Prohibition

"WE do not favor a submissi
limited to the issue of rete
tion or repeal, for . . . the prog
thus far made must be preser
. . . We therefore believe tha
people should have an opportunit
pass upon a proposed amendm
provision of which, while ret
the Federal government pow
serve the gains already made
ing with the evils inherent
liquor traffic, shall allow states
with the problem as their citi
may determine, but subject alway
the power of the Federal governm
to protect those states where proh
tion may exist and safeguard our
zens everywhere from the retur
the saloon and attendant abuses. Su
an amendment should be prompt
submitted to the states by Congre
to be acted upon by state conventio
called for that sole purpose in acco
ance with the provisions of Articl
of the Constitution and safeguar
so as to be truly representativ

Furthermore, the citizens of Illinois, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Missouri wakened to a great opportunity and revealed that dauntless energy in overcoming difficulties and statutes for which our people is so famous. Those circumjacent states rose as in a time of war and poured across the borders relief for the thirsting Iowans. The history of national prohibition was foreshadowed on a small scale; disrespect for law, subsidized crime, everything.

Iowa struggled along in misery for years. It made frantic efforts to prevent surrounding states from leaking into its dry room. It appealed to all sorts of patrols, to courts, to the Supreme Court. The surrounding states appealed to the government against the isolation of Iowa and its interference with interstate commerce law. The "original package" decision furnished a technical term that became slang for a while.

Of course, the ardent drys in fine missionary spirit tried to prevent the transportation of liquor across its borders even when consigned to other states, and this annoyed the transcontinental trunk lines. Of course, the thirsty citizens tried to bring in liquor by mail or freight from outside centers, and this brought up all manner of national, personal, and interstate rights.

About that time I began to leave home for school and college, returning for the usual vacations. I would go away at a time when Main Street was bordered with saloons. I would come back and there would not be a saloon visible. The saloons would all be there but they would be half a block back with the doors in the alleys. A reform wave would have broken over the town and reformers are generally satisfied if they can remove an evil from the foreground. They love to put white court-plaster over sores and let them fester underneath. As I came and went, nearly every year there would be a change; the saloons moved forward to Main Street, back to the alley, forward, back—in a rhythm.

The numbers of drunkards did not vary. The expense to the town was excessive. The bribery and corruption of the "saloon system" raged and the bribery and corruption of the prohibitional speakeasy raged.

Prohibitionists must prohibit or perish, and as soon as they got liquor prohibited they looked about for the next step in the second salvation. They agreed that cigarettes were to blame for all crime. So they prohibited cigarettes. Once when I was in Iowa I tried to buy some cigarettes for a friend. The dealer sold me the cigars I wanted for myself but indignantly denied that he was criminal enough to sell parcels of tobacco wrapped in paper. If you wrapped the tobacco in other tobacco it was harmless; if you wrapped it in rice paper you were destroying youth and the home.

The Democratic Plank on Prohibition

"WE favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. To effect h repeal, we demand that Congress mediately propose a Constitutional mendment to truly representative onventions in the states called to act on that proposal. We urge the nt of such measures by the sevtes as will actually promote ance, effectively prevent the re- the saloon and bring the liquor c into the open under complete ervision and control by the states. e demand that the Federal govern- ent effectively exercise its power to ble the states to protect themselves inst importation of intoxicating quors in violation of their laws. Pending repeal, we favor immediate modification of the Volstead act to egalize the manufacture and sale of er and other beverages of such lcoholic content as is permissible nder the Constitution and to provide herefrom a proper and needed revenue."

I stammered: "Why, I bought cigarettes downtown yesterday."

"Oh, yes, there are crooks who will do anything, but I respect the law."

In Utah a prominent man was once arrested for smoking a cigar in a hotel dining room, since smoking was illegal save in dens where a sign permitted it. The management hung up a little card, "Smoking Permitted," and cigar smoking was immediately legal.

I don't know how much of the immense popularity of cigarettes with women is due to the effort to render cigarette selling a crime, but that may have been what started it. Many states made laws against selling cigarettes and there are still states where the dining cars dare not sell them. The crusades against the cigarette have advertised it till women now smoke more than men. It was funny to see puny old women of both sexes denouncing cigarettes as fatal to health while cowboys, soldiers, and giants of achievement smoked them incessantly.

It is certain that the enormous vogue of liquor among women, especially among young women, has come about since prohibition. Senator Bingham ironically listed this among the "gains" of the Eighteenth Amendment which the drys were eager not to lose.

ONE can almost risk making this generalization: prohibition propagates. The prohibition of a thing is the strongest propaganda for it. This is both a curse and blessing. It is due both to the innate cussedness of the human rebel and to an inherent nobility that makes mankind resent the slavery of dictation.

The experiment Iowa made has been tried by other states. The result varies, but those in the know laugh at the idiotic pretense that there is any state in the Union where even the casual transient cannot get all the liquor he can pay for without serious difficulty. In most of the states the advice is: "Ask a policeman."

What is true today has been true before. I know this both from what I have read and from what I learned by being brought up in a state where local prohibition was attempted. The efforts of certain states to wring themselves dry and keep themselves dry failed so completely that what has been called "the prohibiting mind" was impelled to build the failure still larger.

The hypocrisy, corruption, and sneakiness of the dry states was extended to the United States.

The failure has simply been the same old inevitable state failure multiplied enormously.

The indomitable prohibiters yearned for yet larger catastrophes. Since the United States had made so stupendous a failure, the next logical step was to have world prohibition. Not only has Europe refused to try it generally, but some countries that tried it individually have repented and relapsed. And now both of the major parties of this nation have agreed that prohibition is an unbearable calamity here.

NOW one party clamors for repeal; the other consents to resubmission with guaranties that all the evils of Federal meddling shall continue. President Hoover startled everybody by going even further than the plank—as if he had walked off his surf board into the wet water. But he still clings to the surf board with one hand and waves it wildly to the prohibitionists.

Imagine now that the Republicans win and attempt to keep their specific promise to protect the dry states from the wet. Recent polls have shown that states advertised as bone-dry are actually soaking wet on the inside. But assume that Kansas and North Carolina, Alabama and Georgia want to be desiccated. Some of them may not want it and others may, but take these four as examples. The other states want to be wet and not dry in name only. The government is going to guarantee to save the drys from contagion.

Inevitably the borders of the dry states will excite the people who love to make money adventurously. It is written horribly in our recent experience that these people love gun play. They love armed and armored motor cars and motor boats.

There will be bloody battles between the Federal officers and the smugglers, as there have been ever since prohibition was passed. The Federal officers will find it futile merely to patrol the borders. They will want to invade the strongholds of the smugglers, raid their storehouses. They will not have the high seas for their playground. They will have to invade wet states. Wet states will inevitably object to national troops burning and shooting in their territory for the sake of dry states. There will be appeals to the Supreme Court and much more dramatic appeals to mob action. Our country is peculiarly fond of mob violence. Dry officers have been fought by mobs on many occasions. There have been many deaths already. There will be more.

When yellow fever used to rage and crude quarantines were established between states the cruelty and ferocity of the warfare was staggering. If the government insists on invading wet states there will be a curious kind of sporadic civil war between the government and certain groups of states. This could not go on long without the most intolerable evils. If the government does not invade the wet states the promise of protection for the dry states becomes a farce, a gigantic farcical atrocity like the present ridiculous infamous pretense of enforcing the national prohibition law.

In 1860 the Republican Party adopted a platform which drove a large group of states into secession and rebellion. Almost immediately after the victory of the Republicans at the polls in November, 1860, South Carolina seceded. Before Lincoln could be inaugurated, Georgia, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, Alabama, and Texas had withdrawn from the Union and other states were wavering. Vir-

ginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee soon went. The Civil War followed, the most gigantic war till the World War. The result, but not the purpose of it, was the freeing of the slaves. We had one group of states fighting another for four years over the commercial question of whether new territories should be slave or free. We are invited to a similar sectional and doctrinal division over wet and dry. Dry states are invited to secede from the Union and set up little prohibition principalities here and there. They are guaranteed garrisons against the rest of the Union. There is certain to be bloodshed and bitterness until the dry groups are wiped out as the Confederacy was.

This prophecy will be dismissed as a silly fantasy only by those who know little of our country's history. The idea of the Union coercing or threatening one or more states with armed force was not confined to the Civil War. In Cleveland's administration the government took possession of the Chicago railroad center and drove the mail trains through. In Andrew Jackson's day North Carolina took umbrage at a national policy and proclaimed its intention to secede. Jackson announced his intention to repress the movement with the army and the plan collapsed.

NEXT WEEK—

Why Our Rich Men Kill Themselves

Glimpses into the lives of those who are supposed to have all the luck

By

Arthur Garfield Hays

How to Choose a Candidate

Some sound advice to women voters from

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

In the War of 1812 New England threatened to secede and did secede in all but the formalities, since it took practically no part in the war, kicked up and down the street Congressmen who advocated resistance to England, mobbed people who tried to sell government bonds.

New England had previously known what it was to have a secession inside itself when western Massachusetts revolted against the Bostonians and frightened the rest of the thirteen states so badly that they changed the Confederacy into the United States by means of the Constitution of 1787. In eastern Massachusetts the moral element frankly called themselves "the wise, the good, and the rich." They ruled the general public as they pleased, forcing the common people to be virtuous as the Wise-good-rich pleased. The result was Shays' Rebellion.

Such historical examples could be multiplied for pages. Washington had been President for seven months before North Carolina consented to join and Rhode Island did not come in for more than a year after Washington's inauguration. There was serious talk of sending the army to coerce Rhode Island, which was spoken of and treated as both a nest of treason and a foreign power. Rhode Island was then in the exact situation that a dry state would be in under the proposed conditions for partial prohibition.

VERMONT did not join the Union till two years after Washington's election. In fact, for thirteen years Vermont had been an entirely independent republic. During the Revolution it conducted a separate war with New York State, a bitter war with threats of invasion.

Before we acquired the rights to the navigation of the Mississippi River or purchased the Louisiana territory, there was for long the gravest danger that western states, including Kentucky, would secede.

Around the time of the Revolution there were obscure and almost fatal feuds of which the modern citizen has no notion. Did you ever hear of the Pennamite or Yankee wars between Connecticut and Pennsylvania? They were waged at intervals between 1753, when Connecticut sent seven hundred colonists into the heart of Pennsylvania and excited the wrath of the Penns, and 1807.

Pennsylvania was the scene of a war of the United States against part of a state which might well be duplicated on a larger scale if the resubmission plank should succeed. It was called the Whisky Insurrection, and it was put down in 1794 by President Washington, who went out with an army of about 3,000 men made up of the militias of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia under the immediate command of the Governor of Virginia.

Washington was not leading several states against part of one state as an enemy of whisky. He was not trying to prevent the distilling of whisky. In fact, he was a distiller himself. But the citizens of western Pennsylvania objected to paying the new excise tax on liquor.

If our children and ourselves were taught more realistically the true history of our government's fights for life within itself, instead of being fed on glory tales of our conquest of foreign villainies, we might be more cautious about these noble experiments which owe their success to the ruthless enforcement of one faction's creed or interest upon the rest of the country.

Let us look forward then to what might happen, what is bound to happen, if this partial prohibition, this repeal in spots, should succeed.

The police, the Federal forces have confessedly failed to suppress the liquor traffic along the two oceans and the northern and southern borders of the nation. Shift the problem to all the rivers and bays and creeks and mountains and the invisible state lines. What hope is there of success?

THE prohibitionists are earnest people but bigoted and merciless. They applauded the killing of innocent bystanders. They approved a life sentence for an old woman caught selling liquor for the fourth time. They have demanded the aid of the army and the navy. They have asked all true citizens to turn informer and report to the police even their dinner hosts who have offered them liquor. They have hurled the word "traitor" at everybody who disagreed with them.

Shall we see President Hoover on horseback riding at the head of his troops to uphold the new prohibition law? President Hoover's administration sent the regular army to drive the bonus army out of Washington with bayonet, tear-gas bombs, and torch. Will his men clear out bootlegging colonies with the same methods?

It is not fantastic. It will have to be done if the Republicans carry out their promises.

Most of the Union will be wet and in little sympathy with the few dry states in which a bigoted majority tries to interfere with the personal liberty of the minority. The new plan continues the odious Federal prohibition régime with all its disgusting and costly dirty work.

Inside the individual states there will be further wars, for a map of the country as it voted for and against repeal at the conventions shows many states divided half and half or in other proportions, the majority being in some cases for prohibition, in some cases against. In many instances the division is sectional; in many it is a dispute between rural and urban populations.

There is another and a vital point that had not occurred to me, nor to anyone else perhaps except to Mr. Charles Wood, who wrote a letter to the New York Times about it. He speaks of President Hoover's promise to protect the dry states from the wet, and says, with a startling yet cogent wisdom:

> There is nothing very just nor intelligent about such a stand. If any states have the right to demand protection it will be the wet states. There is no logical reason why wet states should pay Federal taxes to keep "dry" states dry. That in itself is the fundamental wrong in Federal prohibition.

Give this point its due consideration and it has immense importance. We have been flooded with the propaganda of the prohibitionists and their monopoly of all the virtues. They demand everything and grant nothing. All the "rights" are theirs; the other side is denounced as criminal. It is astonishing to hear an appeal made for the protection of the wets from the drys. Yet the militant minority, especially when bigoted, is the most dangerous, ruthless, and pernicious element in every democracy. This is one of the times when the majority needs protection from a minority that won power by promising a sinless paradise; held power by moral bullying while exercising all the machineries of professional politics; and now cries aloud for protection from the people whom it has led astray and bled for twelve years.

The time has come to end the ancient and always futile experiment and get back to liberty and temperance.

To paraphrase Lincoln's words, this nation cannot exist half dry and half wet. Much less can it keep the peace if the national government with constitutional power and all its wealth keeps a pledge to guarantee the prejudices and enforce the experiments of the bigots, who, like the Bourbons, never forget anything and never learn anything.

Let us learn this one lesson at least. God knows we have paid enough for it.

WITH the purest of motives, great numbers of well meaning people put over the "noble experiment" of prohibition in the gigantic laboratory of this nation. We have seen the result: the repulsive horrors of new crime and a new type of criminal, the universal corruption, the besottedness of youth, the high-school sots, the speakeasies, the jails packed and jammed, the courts choked.

Now we are told that we must cleanse the national body of these evils, but we must save those who are still unconvinced from having to admit their error. No power on earth can persuade the prohibiting mind that prohibition is an evil, the multiplication of evils.

For twelve years the drys have had their way at a ruinous cost. Still they do not see the difference between prohibition and prevention. Still they protest: "Give prohibition the chance it never had. It is sacred. It must, it will succeed!"

To humor these amiable unteachables, it is proposed to grant them asylums. The government is pledged to take care that neither the light of reason based on experience, nor a drop of liquor sneaked in by the lawless shall invade their desert haunts.

The resubmission plank guarantees just one thing, a more complex war, a more vicious sectional jealousy; internecine conflicts, state against state; bloodshed, anarchy, bankruptcy.

Let those who love their bigotries take care of them as best they can. But let those who love their country see to it that the nation withdraws completely from trying to control the individual idiosyncrasies of its hundred and twenty million citizens.

THE END

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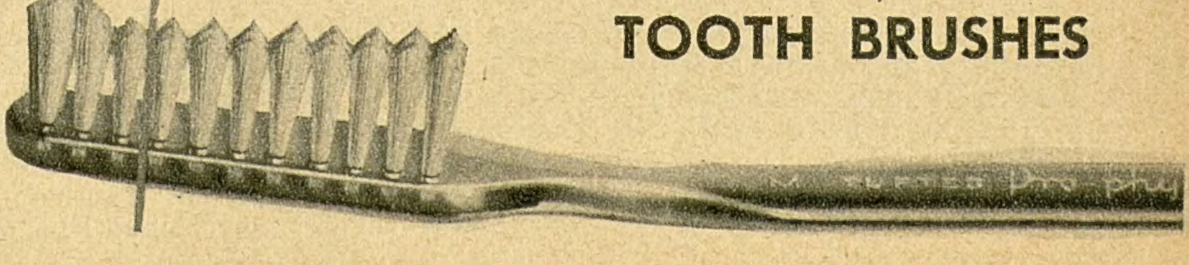


CHILD of PARIS

You Never Can Tell What a Girl Will Do if You Happen to Be in Love

By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

(Reading time: 25 minutes 10 seconds.)

PARIS is a great town if you can take it or leave it alone. That's what I told Stan Hough. Furthermore, I said, how did he know this new girl from the States couldn't leave it alone? And why worry?

But Stan was a secret moralist. I could never get him to admit it and he seldom betrayed his weakness. A secret moralist is like a secret drunkard. Stan would go along for weeks, sticking tongue in cheek with the worst of them, and then break loose on a surreptitious tear. During these sprees the poor fellow was utterly consecrated. He kept all ten Commandments, he wallowed in goodness, he was noble and idealistic and sentimental. Only his innate sense of decency prevented him from disgusting his friends with outspoken moralizings.

"Oh, I'm not worried about the child," said Stan, hastily and guiltily, "only I do think her folks ought to take her home with them."

"Why?" I demanded.

Stan took a sip of tea—his regulation drink during periods when he was not himself—and stared toward the terrace of the Rotonde across the Boulevard Montparnasse.

"She's such an infant," he said, "and very lovely. And you know what Paris does to that combination."

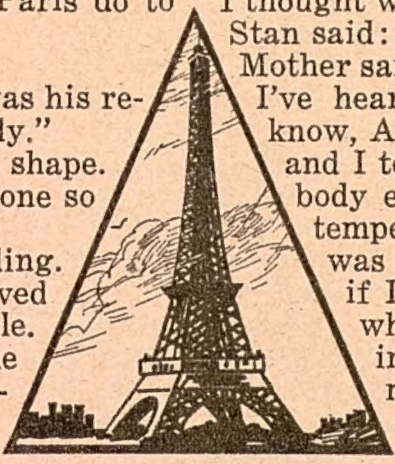
"I do not," I said sternly. "What does Paris do to lovely infants?"

My friend winced.

"Don't be so confoundedly bigoted, Hal," was his rejoinder. "Give innocence a break occasionally."

I perceived at once that Stan was in bad shape. Never in all his past orgies of virtue had he gone so far as to protect innocence.

"Old fellow," I said, "you must stop brooding. You need a change. Jolie has just received francs five thousand from her revered uncle. We're set for a big night and you must come along. Do you want something French, Austrian, or Italian? I'll phone Jolie and—"



Stan gripped my arm, nearly upsetting my *apéritif* and spilling a basket of *croissants* into the lap of someone's Grand Passion at the next table. I had to do the apologizing, for Stan was busy saying:

"No, no. You're coming with me this evening. I promised Alma to bring you. She wants to meet a real boulevardier."

I stared and he reddened.

"Oh, don't misunderstand her," he went on. "She's just a kid and full of finishing-school notions about Paris. She has the idea that Parisian men about town are fascinating, glamorous creatures. So—"

"I'm to disillusion her, eh? *Beaucoup merci, mon ami!*"

"It's not that at all," he protested lamely. "I don't know any other man I'd care to introduce to her. I mean—well, I'd hardly invite Phil Laseur or Ted Kosties."

"Aha! So you don't think I'm as dangerous as Phil or Ted? Why, me dear old chep, when I think back on all the tender innocence I've—"

"Quit clowning, Hal. I'll be by for you at seven thirty." He got up, handing our waiter money for both checks. "You'll like Alma immensely."

"How about Jolie?" I said.

"Oh, bring her along, of course."

Well, I let him go with my promise. Stan and his Alma might provide two or three hours of amusement. And after that the night would still be young for Jolie and me. Moreover, so I told myself, Stan and I had gone to school together and I owed it to our friendship to see him through this trying period.

Jolie put on a storm when I broke the sad news. She said we had been invited to the Comtesse Riglari's for cocktails; and after that, dinner at Mathilde Farnham's; and after that there was going to be a big drunk at Izzy Moreau's place in the country; and after that—

"We shall manage several of the after thats, *chérie*," I said in my inimitable way. "But first one must suffer to be bored a little while for friendship's sake."

Stan conveyed us by taxi to the Elysées Palace Hotel and there we met Miss Alma Kerslake. Also Mamma Kerslake. Also Papa Kerslake. They had come down to the lobby with daughter to make sure she was not being abducted by the apaches.

Papa said: "Glad to meet you folks. Say, Mr. Hough, the guide told us about a restaurant called the Towerdargent. He said it was a good place to eat. Mother and I thought we'd go there tonight, if it's okay."

Stan said: "I'm sure you'll like it."

Mother said: "Now, you young people be good children. I've heard tales about this Paris night life. You know, Alma is going to stay over here and study art, and I tell her an artist can be just as decent as anybody else, but Alma is inclined to be the least bit temperamental, I'm afraid. I was like that when I was a girl, though; I would have gone on the stage if I hadn't married. And, as I told my husband when we argued about letting Alma study art in Paris, she's going to have the chance I missed. And, besides, all these dreadful stories about Paris can't be true. I say people are alike the world over and—"

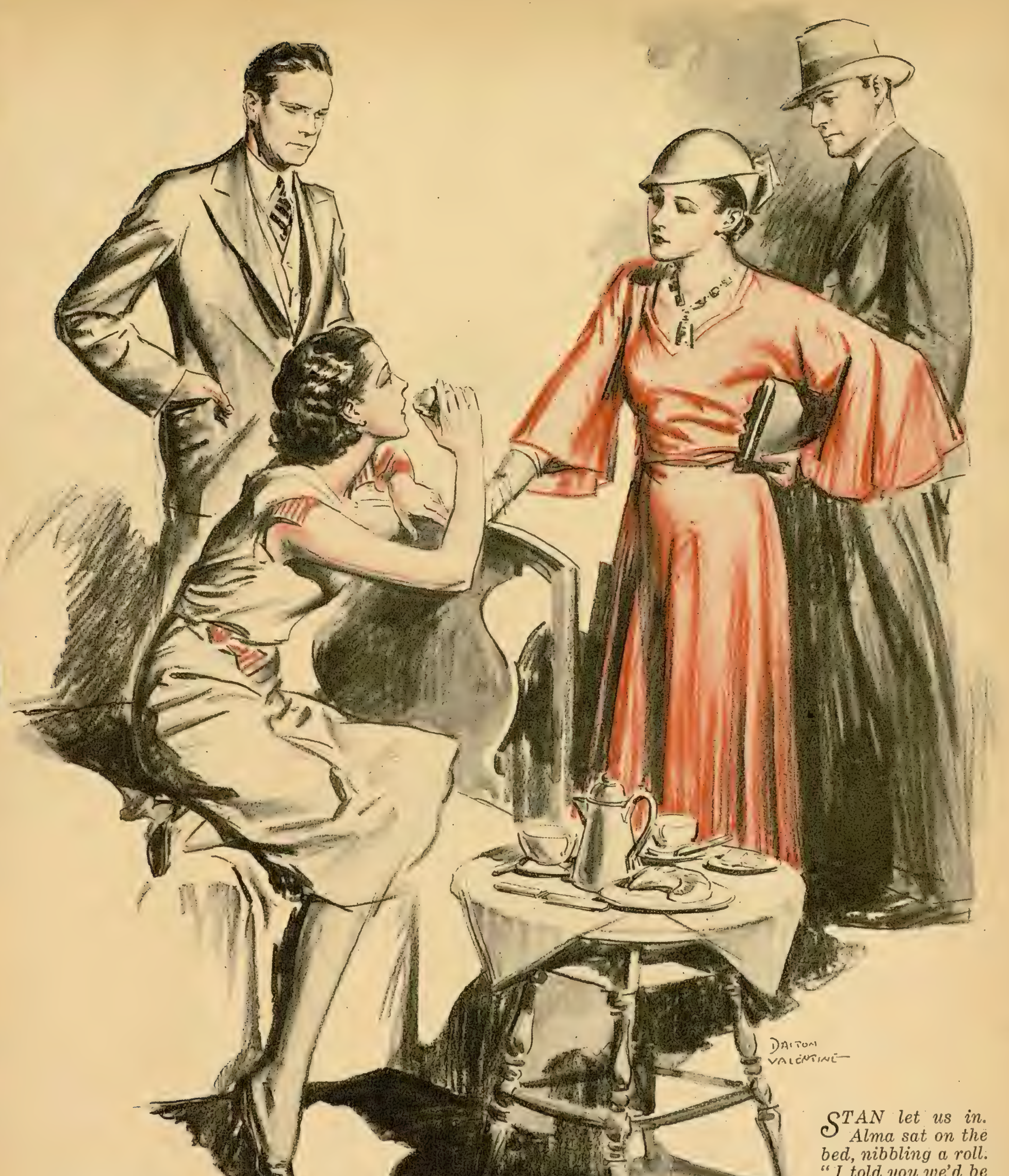
Alma said: "Mother, it's getting late and daddy's tired. You run along. The *concierge* has a taxi for you."

Papa and mamma departed. I turned my attention to Stan's lovely child.

Ah, Innocence, what a waste of beauty you wear! Alma's baby-blue eyes were worth a villa at Nice, a château in Normandy, and an apartment overlooking the Bois. Her soft brown hair might have ensnared a barony or even a dukedom. Two tears across those fresh ivory cheeks could plunder the Rue de la Paix. And for Alma's full red lips, oh, messieurs, many a jaded boulevardier would have recklessly laid down his freedom. I saw Jolie look at Alma's figure and sigh. She hated Alma instinctively; and greater love hath no woman than this for another woman's charms.

But I noted at once why Stan was worried.

"O-oh, Stan," she cried, "where are we going? Don't pay any attention to mother and dad. I want to *see* Paris. Can we go to the Dôme? Can we go to the Ritz bar? And I haven't seen any of the night life at all."



STAN let us in. Alma sat on the bed, nibbling a roll. "I told you we'd be found," she said.

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

Stan coughed.

"I thought we'd go to the Cheval Pie for dinner, and then"—bravely—"I thought you'd like to see the Exposition Coloniale."

Alma appealed to Jolie and me: "Stan tries to make me believe that the places where the artists hang out are dangerous or something. They aren't, are they?"

"*Non, non, ma'm'sellé,*" said Jolie promptly. "They are quite stupeed, those places. It ees not *places* in Parees. It ees *people*. You must meet the *people*. My frien' the Comtesse Riglari ees ver' amusing. Why do we not drop een there—"

"*We* aren't invited, Jolie," said Stan coldly. It was characteristic of Stan when in the grip of morality that he should lose his sense of humor. The problem presented by Miss Alma Kerslake was quite simple. This child had been fetched by the customary boarding-school illusions of the Left Bank. I wanted to cry out: "You ass! Buy her some chartreuse at the Moulin Rouge honky-tonk; it will make her sick at her stomach and cure her of liqueurs. Take her to one of those Montmartre dives around the Place du Tertre. She'll see coky coons in white satin dresses doing a very bad shimmy. Introduce her to some crackpot artist in the Rue Pigalle and let him bore her to death. Then, when she's sleepy, drag her into Zelli's and let her watch a couple of boozy fights. All your worries will be over."

But it was not to be. One glance at Stan's exalted countenance told me that our young innocent must be protected from all that was horrible and vile.

"It's Stan's party," I said, "and he's boss. Lead on, Chevalier Bayard."

We didn't have a bad time. Le Cheval Pie's *homard Cardinal* and *galette Normande* are more than passable, especially when accompanied by a running fire of chatter from one of the Lord's own children. Mlle. Alma had taken her Paris from a mixture of Marie Bashkirtseff, Victor Hugo, Du Maurier, and, may Allah be merciful, Colette. She eyed me with the paralyzing expectancy of one who awaits an epigram in every other sentence. She regarded Jolie with breathless awe. Stan she seemed to tolerate with a growing impatience.

At one point in the proceedings Alma drew Jolie into a whispered conversation. Jolie promptly betrayed her in French to me, saying: "She asks if that girl in the pink dress is a mistress. She is very anxious to see a mistress." And Jolie winked most drolly. So I, greatly to Stan's embarrassment, invented a long tale about the lady in the pink dress. Alma was enraptured.

JOLIE and I did not do the Exposition Coloniale very thoroughly. We got as far as the Souks of Tunis and then Jolie developed a severe headache. When we made our adieus, Alma said wistfully, "I do hope I'll be seeing you again some time." Stan said, "Sure, we'll get together again." As we left them, he was steering her firmly toward the concrete-block replica of Mount Vernon. Jolie and I got to Mathilde Farnham's just in time to get a ride with the gang that was going to Izzy Moreau's drunk. The after thats were quite all right.

Next day, about noon, Stan appeared at my apartment in the Boulevard Raspail. His pounding awakened me from a sound sleep.

"Guess what's happened?" was his opener.

I said I was in no mood for conundrums and please to get the hell out.

"Alma is going to live with Jane Lindstrom! You know Jane? Of all the *impossible* people—"

"What's wrong with Jane Lindstrom? She can paint." Stan shrugged.

"I shouldn't need to remind you that Jane is hardly the person to look after a twenty-year-old girl. Alma's folks are insane. Alma met Jane when she was a teacher at the Chicago Art Institute. That's all they know about her. And yet they're planning to go back to the States and allow Alma to share an apartment with her."

"Jane won't eat her."

"Oh, don't be so callous! Would you want your sister to travel with Jane and her crowd?"

I tried to the best of my ability to point out to Stan just what an ass he was making of himself.

"Let the poor little kid alone," I finished. "She knows what she wants and she'll get it. She wants color. She wants to meet interesting people. She's in love with Paris. I'm for her."

Stan waxed wrathy. In love with Paris? Bah! She was just a babe in the woods. Didn't I know what would happen if she got in with Jane and her crowd? Some rotter would be taking her on a trip to Switzerland for the good of her soul. Heavy irony. Righteous sarcasm. And what about me—Hal Johnston? Had I fallen so low that I could stand by and see a young American girl ruin her life?

"A trip to Switzerland couldn't ruin any girl's life," I retorted. "Unless, of course, she takes up yodeling."

Stan denounced me. If he hadn't been such a husky brute I might have openly resented his phraseology. As it was, I could only suggest that since I was such a very low fellow we hadn't better see each other any more. He apologized most humbly. Said he had only been trying to rouse my latent idealism. And now that it was presumably aroused, wouldn't I go to Alma's parents and tell them Paris was no place to leave their daughter? He had already indicated as much, but they didn't believe him. However, if I corroborated his description—

"See here," I said, "you're in love with the girl."

He admitted it.

"Well, then," I went on, "ask her to marry you right away."

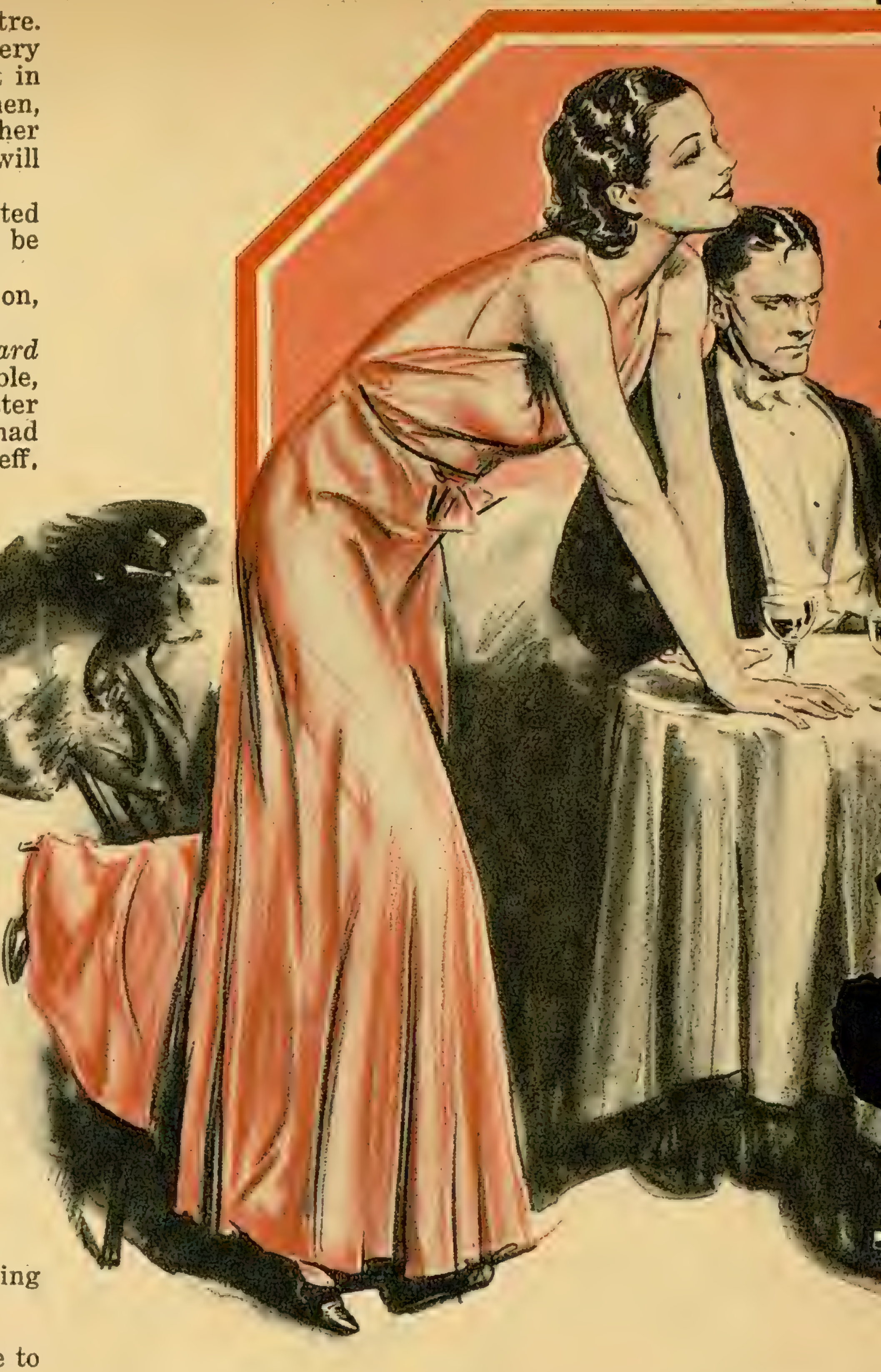
"I have. It didn't go over. She said she couldn't even think about it until she'd started her career."

"Can she draw?"

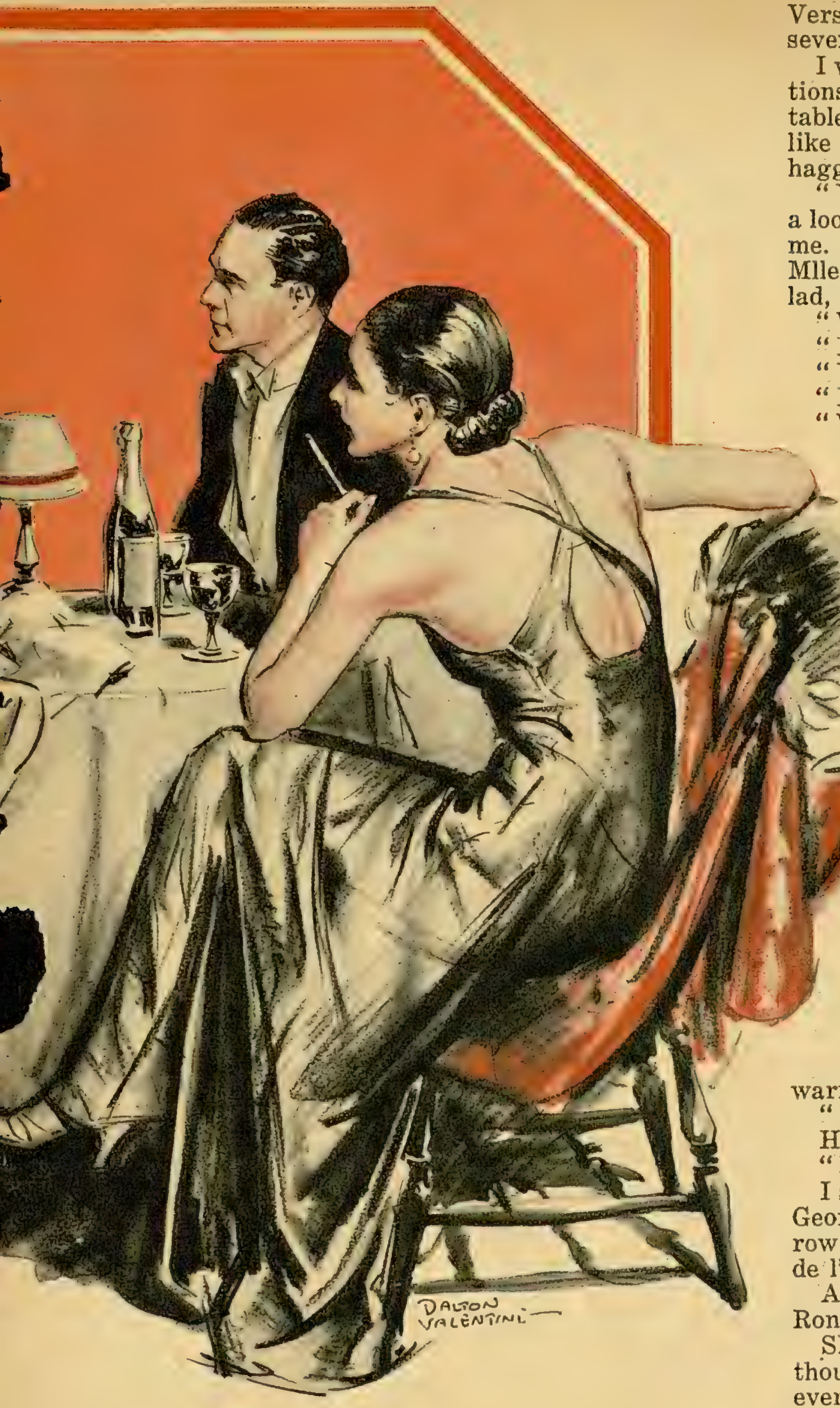
"She has a little talent. Of course, I haven't seen enough of her work to judge—only half a dozen sketches."

"Just another mother's hopeful, eh?"

Stan nodded sheepishly. He had been a rich auntie's hopeful. But instead of kidding auntie along Stan had quit art school and taken up architecture at the Sorbonne. And such was the depth of his honesty that he worked as a part-time guide for the American Express so auntie could reduce her remittances. That was how he had met the Kerslakes.



We didn't have a bad time. Le Cheval Pie's homard Cardinal and galette Normande are more than passable.



Well, I told him that any attempt to warn Alma's parents would be folly.

"They'd realize the unfairness of it," I pointed out. "The kid hasn't done anything wild. They'd very properly resent any inference that she might go off the reservation."

"She'll go off the reservation all right," said Stan bitterly. "She's dying to. As soon as Jane returns from Italy she'll get in with Jane's gang. You watch."

I promised to watch. Still feeling that I had let him down, Stan morosely departed for a class at the university.

It developed that Stan was a good prophet.

Shortly thereafter the child was seen with many different men.

She went to the races at Longchamps with Baron von Guth's crowd. Rumor had it that the baron was fond of Jane. Jolie and I saw Alma riding with Hector Mazoglu in the Bois. I ran into Carl Delano at the Ritz bar one afternoon. Carl does a Paris chatter column for a New York paper. He had a lot to tell about Alma. It appeared from his gossip that Ted Kosties, Johnny Fairbanks, and a Spaniard named Alvorra were giving the infant a whirl. She had been taken up by the Pierre Versens and Mamma Kerslake was reported to be in the seventh heaven.

I was somewhat alarmed, in spite of my ignoble resolutions. And in this weak moment Stan found me at a table on the terrace of the Café de la Paix. He looked like one of the sterner Pilgrim fathers. He was almost haggard from moral indignation.

"You wanted proof, didn't you?" he demanded. "Take a look at this!" And he shoved a cheap scandal sheet at me. A paragraph in the American colony section linked Mlle. Alma Kerslake with Henri Falconnier. A very gay lad, Henri.

"We've got to *do* something, Hal," said Stan.

"Have you seen her lately?"

"Yes. Last night. We went for a walk."

"Have any of the ardent wooers—er—succeeded?"

"What do you mean?"

"Then they haven't. She is still innocent."

"Of course."

"But it is only a matter of time, eh?"

STAN couldn't face the baldness of that. He said he had every faith in Alma. Of course. It was only her—well, the gossip; the vicious talk. He couldn't stand it. We must do something. We must go to Alma's folks and persuade them to take her home. They would be sailing in two weeks. They had been horribly dumb. They knew nothing of Parisian reputations. They didn't realize the danger. Mrs. Kerslake had been flattered because Martha Versen invited her to a tea. She didn't know how Martha Versen rated in Paris. But we must work on old man Kerslake if his wife laughed at us. Old man Kerslake was worried. Stan had sensed it. We must have a man-to-man talk with old man Kerslake.

I hadn't the heart to scoff this time. Stan loved the kid. And she had certainly gone off the reservation. But a divine cynicism warned me to step carefully.

"Let me have a talk with Alma first," I said.

He nodded eagerly.

"When? Tonight?"

I stalled. Jolie and I had a bid to a dinner dance at the George V. I promised to see Alma not later than tomorrow evening. Stan went moping off down the Avenue de l'Opéra.

As it happened, I met Alma at the George V party. Ronnie Mercold had dragged her.

She was wearing a dress that Jolie estimated at six thousand francs. She looked as beautiful and fresh as ever.

Women were staring at her a bit sadly; as if each were seeing her lost youth. Men had an almost sexless delight in their eyes. Her crimson frock looked more sophisticated than she; the wide, ecstatic opening of her eyes and the childish awe in her smile gave her an innocence that seemed preposterous. I could not understand it.

We sat out the one dance I managed to grab.

"Well, lady," I said, "you're quite the belle of the town."

She laughed with a wondering happiness.

"Oh, it's been so much *fun*," she said.

"What have you liked most?"

"The men, of course." Her eyes strayed back to the dancers. "I didn't know there *were* such men. Each one is so different from the others. Ronnie Mercold is the funniest. He ran away from his wife because she put perfume behind her ears. Isn't that odd?"

"Very," I said. "How do you like Mazoglu?"

She thought a moment, as if trying to place the best-known gambler in Europe.

"Oh, a lot," she said. "He's such a fatalist. He says he knows the exact day and hour and minute he's going to die. He gave me a tip on a race horse and I won seventy francs! He's had a very sad life, you know. The mistress he liked best and two of her children were burned to death when his shooting lodge caught fire."

"And Ted Kosties?"

She crinkled her nose.

"Ted's an awful bum. A sweet boy but such a bum. He said if I could get hold of eighty thousand francs he'd take me to Biarritz."

"And what did you say?"

"Oh, I just laughed."

"Have you had any other—er—proposals?"

"Yes, a few. All the men over here want to make love to you. It's fearfully exciting. I never know, when I'm going out in the evening, just what will happen. Do you know a funny old man named Falconnier?"

"Slightly."

She giggled schoolgirlishly.

"He wants me to marry him. He said he'd give me two million francs of my very own, and he's got *seven* houses. Don't you think he'd had too much to drink?"

"Possibly," I said. "What did you tell him?"

"I asked him if he had ever heard of Daddy Browning. He didn't like it, but he only stayed mad a few minutes. He's going to show me his cane collection some afternoon. Mrs. Versen says he's got twenty-five hundred canes. Imagine!"

"Have any of the men you've met made the heart go pitapat?"

She considered that with grave eyes.

"I like Phil Alvorra best. He's terribly handsome and he has real saber scars. He used to be a grandee before Spain went republican, you know. But I couldn't trust Phil out of my sight a minute. He's frightfully passionate, and Jane says he's had dozens of affairs." She sighed. "No—Phil's too much of a problem for me."

THE child chattered on. These might have been dolls she had collected instead of men. It was a game to her. Listening, I realized that Stan was all wrong. This parade of *bon vivants* and gallants and rotters was like a row of figures in a shop window. This talk of mistresses and trips to Biarritz and passion was glib, but it meant nothing to her. It meant no more than words in a novel. This sweetness, this freshness, this beauty that she wore was like a magic armor. She had knowledge but no sophistication. Youth wrapped her about like a rosy mist.

"What about Stan?" I asked.

She sighed.

"Stan is the finest fellow I've ever known. But *such* a problem. He's got the idea that I'm a hopeless little ninny with practically no morals. What can you do with a man like that? Why do idealists have such a low opinion of women?"

"Sheer ignorance. Only an accomplished seductionist can correctly appraise female virtue."

The child smiled wisely.

"That fits in with what Ronnie tells me. He says his defeats have far outnumbered his triumphs." Then, much troubled, "I do wish Stan wouldn't make himself so miserable worrying about me. He seems to think something terrible is going to happen to me. He's even given poor daddy the fidgets. Mother says he's advised daddy to take me home. I call that an insult, don't you?"

"I do. Stan is an unmitigated ass. I've told him so. Why don't you cut him, and perhaps he'll snap out of this nonsense?"

She shook her head, blushing.

"I like the darn' fool too much. Ain't it fierce?"

Well, Stan did his best during the next week to queer himself with Mlle. Alma for good and all. I reported my sage conclusions following the George V party, but he scoffed at them. He demanded, "What chance has a child like her against accomplished rounders like Kosties and Mercold?" And when I flatly refused to join him in an appeal to old man Kerslake we had angry words. The Puritan strain, like murder, will out. The poor fellow so far forgot himself as to speak brazenly in defense of chastity. Street lights rocked all along the Montparnasse and the very heavens glowered. I consigned Stan finally and eternally to the company of archangels and parted with him, as I thought, forever.

But I kept hearing things about Stan's activities. He had, it seemed, constituted himself a bodyguard to Mlle. Kerslake. And he began punching jaws. Ronnie Mercold was the first victim. Carl Delano gave me the lurid details one night at Fred Payne's place: "It seems Ronnie was a little high when he brought the kid back to her hotel. Her folks had got worried and had telephoned Stan. When the kid and Ronnie walked in, Stan popped Ronnie without a word being said."

D'Alton Valentine

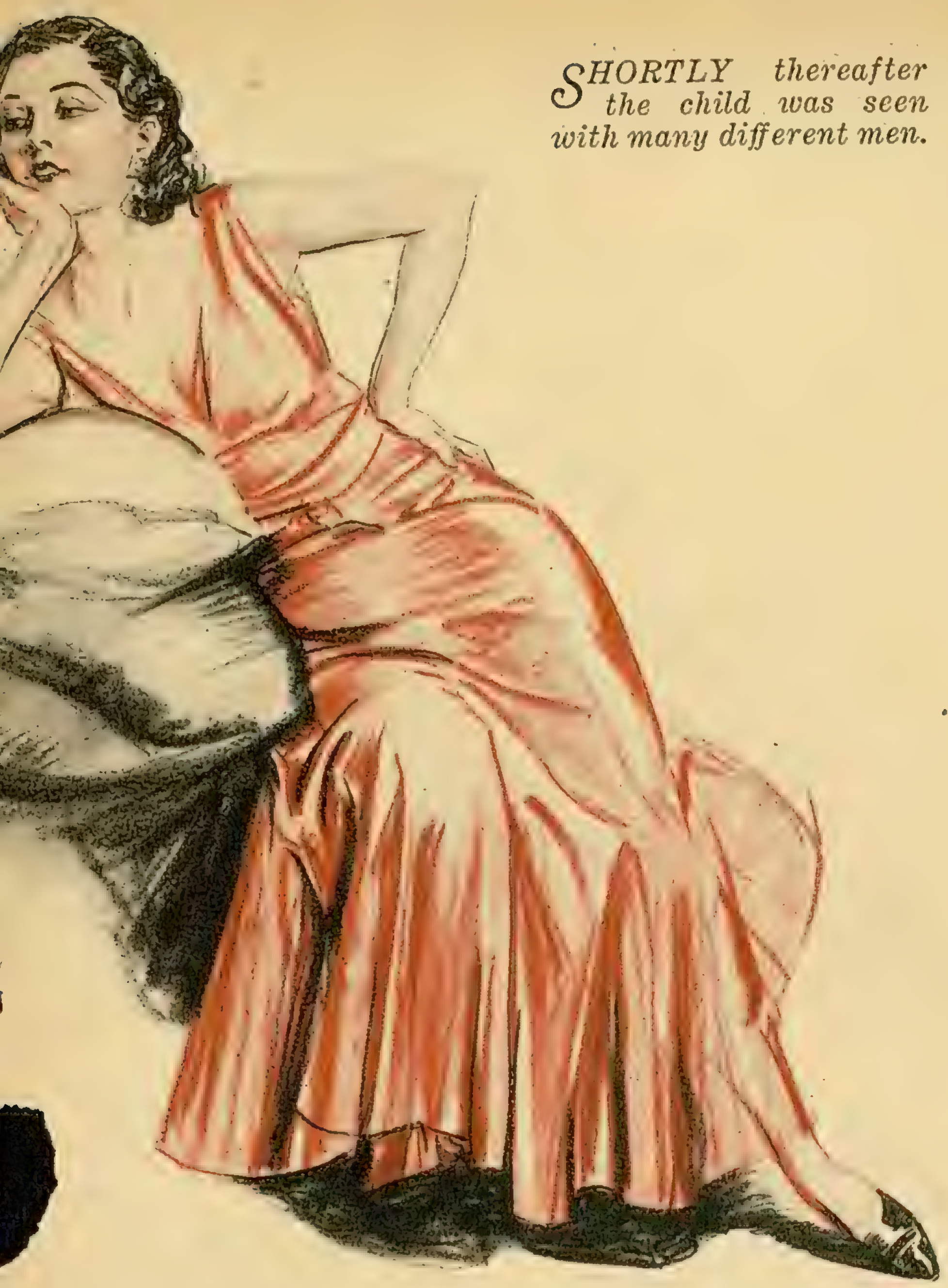
Kosties was next, a slugging match in an Arab restaurant on the Rue Daubenton. On this occasion it appears Stan had some justification. Kosties had got rather offensively amorous. But Stan's knight-errantry plunged into absurdity again when he took a crack at Paul Durand. Paul sent his seconds around to request a duel. Stan knocked their heads together and told them to tell Durand he'd spank him if they ever met again.

ONE day I got a phone call from Alma asking me to meet her at Rumpelmayer's.

The child was badly upset.

"Have you seen anything of Stan?" was her greeting. She seemed on the verge of tears. I said I hadn't. Then she went on: "We had a fight. He was horrid. He said I wasn't worth worrying about any more. He said terrible things. He said he was sorry he had wasted his time. I just hate him. I hate him!"

I thought it rather odd that she had dragged me across the river just to tell me that she hated Stan. But after considerable idle conversation and two *foie gras* sandwiches—I ate hers too—the truth came out. She didn't hate Stan at all. She loved him. But if that was what he thought of her, if his opinion was so low, she'd just show him. If he thought she was a little beast she'd be a little beast. And nobody could stop her, either! Dad and mother were sailing on the Europa next day and she'd be able to do just what she pleased. Stan had taunted her.



SHORTLY thereafter the child was seen with many different men.

He had said she had no morals or she couldn't tolerate the men she ran around with. He had said she was merely afraid to be bad. Well, she'd show him. She'd show him how afraid she was.

I cursed Stan, not altogether mentally. That abominable moralistic scorn of his had done its work.

"I'll have a talk with Stan," I said.

She nodded. That was, I gathered from another recital of the story, just what she wanted me to do. She was resolved to do something reckless and wished to make sure that Stan knew why.

STAN received me—stiffly. I did not sit down. I merely recited what Alma had said. There were no interruptions. The fathead just stared at the dingy carpet of his *pension* bedroom and listened.

"Thanks, Hal," he said, when I had done. "I'll take care of this."

We did not shake hands.

Next morning the Herald had a banner headline:

"American Heiress Mysteriously Missing from Paris Hotel. Parents of Miss Alma Kerslake Fear Abduction. Phone Call Lures Girl. Detectives Begin Probe of Friendships."

Jolie telephoned me at ten o'clock to come to her apartment. She was very much excited. There was a frightened young man with Jolie. His name was Mal Doherty. He had known Stan Hough at art school. Yesterday Stan had asked to borrow his car. Stan had promised to return the car at six o'clock. He had not done so. And this morning a friend of Doherty's had called him from Barbizon, demanding to know what his car was doing parked in front of a studio building there. Mal had a very definite suspicion that Stan was involved in the disappearance of Alma Kerslake. But where did that put Mal? In a jam with the *gendarmerie*, didn't it?

Young Mr. Doherty was direct and frank. He said: "If Stan's a friend of yours you better try to get this fixed up right away. If these French dicks nab me I'm gonna talk. I've got to look after Number One."

It was Jolie who weakened. "You go to Stan, you hear me? These abduction ees *très mal;* it ees *sérieusement* in France. Stan ees damn' fool—steel, I like heem. I myself weel go to help heem!"

So Jolie and I drove to Barbizon. We found Mal's car without trouble. Jolie interrogated a fat landlady. Why, most certainly. The young ones were upstairs. She had but shortly taken up the rolls and chocolate.

Stan let us in. He said nothing. His face was sulky, stubborn, hopeless.

Alma sat on the bed, nibbling a roll. The bed had not been occupied.

"I told you we'd be found," she said to Stan. "Hullo, Hal—Jolie. Welcome to our little party."

Jolie rattled off sixty seconds of French which meant, "What's the idea?" I had to interpret.

The girl glared at Stan. "Mr. Buttinsky had a bright thought," she said, her voice harsh and weary, as if she had been talking all night. "He pulled this strong-arm stunt to frighten dad into making me go home."

Stan paid no attention. He jammed his hat on his tousled blond head and got into his topcoat. Then he handed Alma her hat and coat.

Jolie's inbred respect for law kept her mind on the probable penalty Stan would pay.

"You weel not tell on heem?" she demanded of Alma. "It ees *sérieusement,* thees abduction. They would send Stan to preeson. But no. *Voilà!* You say you got lost, *oui?*"

Alma was still in a cold, hard rage at Stan.

"Wait till my father gets hold of you," she said to him.

He just set his jaw. He offered to hold her coat, but she jerked away and I did the honors.

I WAS thoroughly alarmed by Alma's attitude. We filed down to the sidewalk in silence. There, I turned to Stan and said, "Why not go on back alone? Everybody will cool off in a day or so."

Stan shook his head.

"Thanks," he said. "I'll take it."

Alma climbed into the back seat with Jolie. Very little was said on the ride to Paris. Stan and I did not talk at all, and Jolie merely offered a soothing "You take leetle nap, eh?" to Alma. The girl said, "I'm not sleepy."

I began to feel very sorry for Stan. After all, I reflected, morality is a weakness to which most Americans are addicted. It is a taint in the blood stream; a subconscious imperative. Stronger men than Stan had succumbed. I thought to myself, "There, but for the grace of Satan, goes Hal Johnston." I remembered a lot of poor devils who had gone Stan's way. Stout fellas and good company once; now Paris knows them no more. Heigh-ho!

We were at the Elysées Palace Hotel. Great confusion. Detectives. Reporters. Cameramen. And in the center of it, Stan and Jolie and I. Alma was promptly clasped to the paternal and maternal bosoms.

Papa Kerslake waxed wrathy and virile.

"Where is he? Where is the dirty dog?"

He made a lunge at me. Stan got between us.

"I'm the man you want," he said.

Suddenly detectives seized Stan. There was much pulling and tugging for a moment. Then:

Up spake Mlle. Alma.

"You leave Stan alone," quoth she. "Papa! Make them turn him loose. He didn't abduct me. I eloped with him. We were—well, we changed our minds. That's all. There's nothing to get excited about."

Jolie wept on my shoulder. Alma wept on Stan's shoulder. Mrs. Kerslake wept on Mr. Kerslake's shoulder.

Alma's father said, finally, "Mother, you pack her things. She's going home with us."

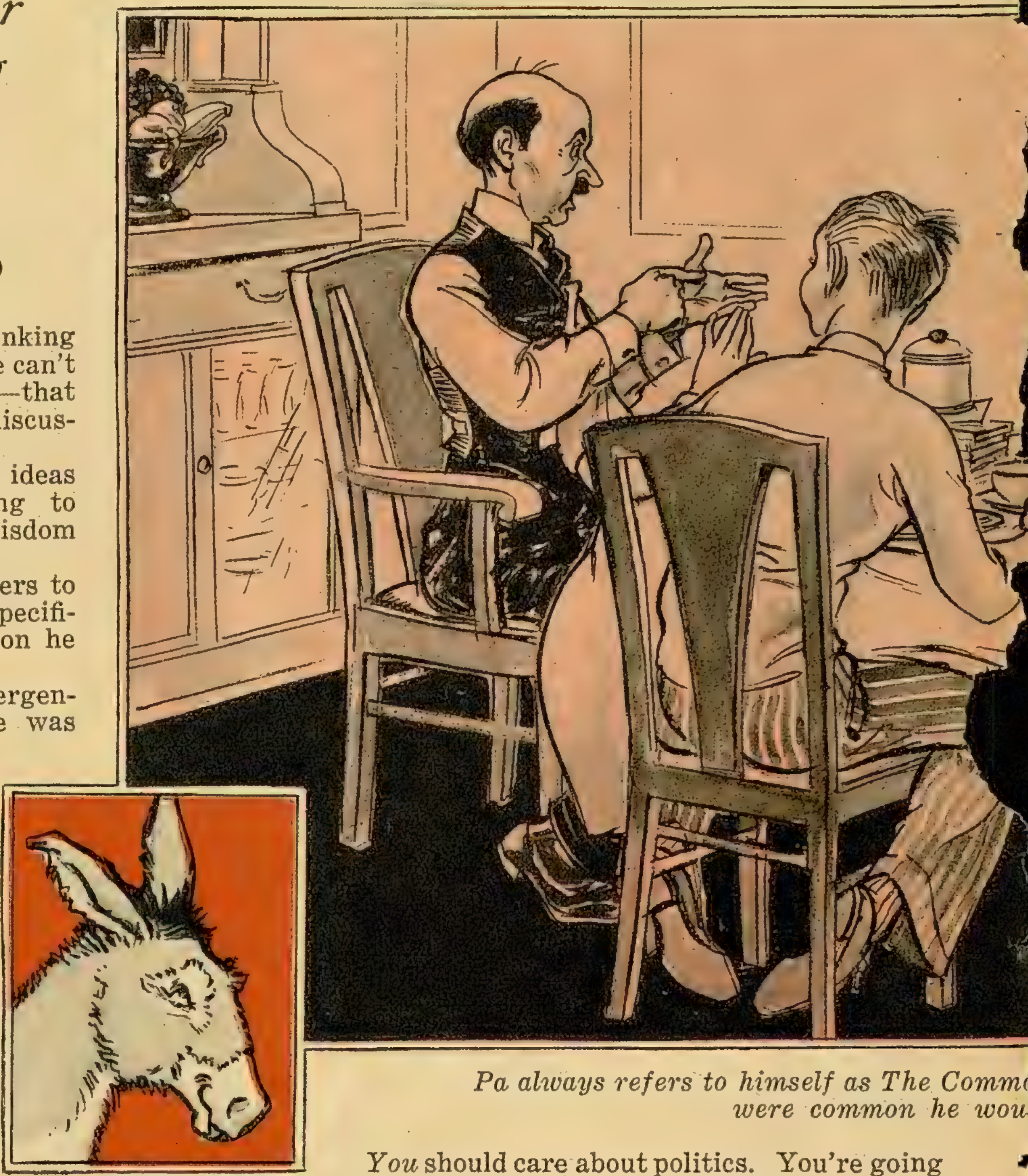
And Alma went.

Jolie and I threw a farewell party for Stan the other night. He's going back to St. Louis, U. S. A., and marry Alma. He seems frightfully impatient to be starting. I'm afraid he has heard that moral conditions in St. Louis aren't what they might be.

THE END

The Potters Settle

The Family Goes in for Some Serious Thinking to Help Mamie Cast Her First Vote



Pa always refers to himself as The Comm
were common he woul

(Reading time: 13 minutes 20 seconds.)

PROLOGUE

PA POTTER has been doing a lot of thinking lately. He says he read somewhere—he can't just remember where, or who wrote it—that what this country needs is more intelligent discussion in the home.

Pa Potter also heard that if any great ideas for constructive statesmanship are going to emerge, they will come from the collected wisdom of The Common People.

Pa, speaking for the Potters, always refers to himself as The Common People, but if you specifically suggested that he or Ma were common he would knock your block off.

Great Leaders always arise in Great Emergencies. Pa Potter heard that, too. There was Abraham Lincoln and General Grant and Calvin Coolidge. And how did they get that way? They sat around home and talked things over in a Big Way.

So Pa has decided it's high time the Potter family snapped out of it. They are going to have at least three evenings a week of serious discussion.

This is the first evening. (It was supposed to have taken place last week and the week before and the week before that, but somehow Ma and Pa could never get Bill and Mamie to stay home on the same evening.) However, the election is coming soon, and Mamie Potter is voting for the first time. So the discussion this evening will be not only on general principles, but will have a definite and important purpose—that of guiding Mamie Potter to cast her first vote.

SCENE: The Potter Home: The Supper Table

PA

(clearing his throat importantly)

I think we oughta start that serious discussion. Seems to me all the talk we ever have is about murder stories or how you can buy a dress now for thirty-seven cents.

MAMIE

Who said that wasn't serious?

MA

I want to tell you right now, Pa Potter, if you didn't have somebody around here who was always looking out for bargains, on the money you make—

PA

All right, all right. Let's not get off on that subject.

MA

Well, you wanted a serious discussion.

PA

I mean about politics.

MAMIE

Aw, who cares about politics?

PA

(turning on her)

There you go. That's it. "Who cares about politics?" *You* should care about politics. You're going to vote for the first time this year.

MAMIE

Red says I might just as well vote for Christopher Columbus for all the difference it makes. Red says politics is a lot of boloney.

BILL

You mean Red is a lot of boloney.

MAMIE

Red has forgotten more about—

BILL

Red has forgotten more about everything than anybody. Somebody oughta remind him to go out and shoot himself.

MA

Now, children, stop it. And don't bolt your pie, William.

PA

I should think you'd try to have some opinions of your own, Mamie. Here you are, a grown girl, going to the polls for the first time to cast your vote as a citizen, and you don't even know who you're going to vote for.

MAMIE

Do you?

PA

Certainly. I'm going to vote for Franklin R. Roosevelt.

BILL

Franklin *D.*

MA

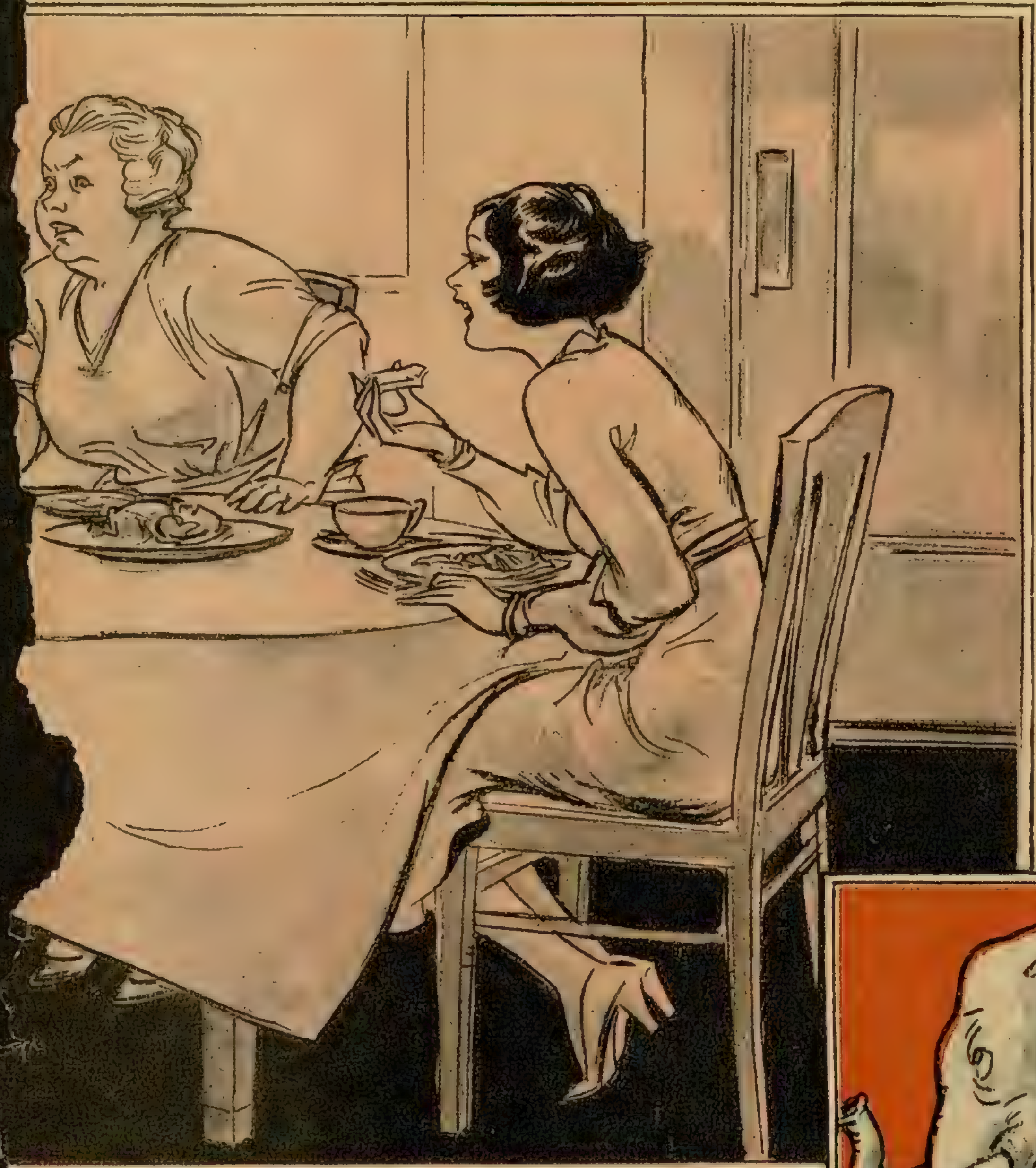
Roosevelt! A wet! You want to see your children hang-

the ELECTION

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by John H. Striebel



eople, but if you suggested that he or Ma nock your block off.

ing around corner saloons! You'd vote to see this country turned into a drunken orgy.

Pa

Just because I want a glass of beer, that's going to debauch the country?

Ma

Which is more important to you—your country or beer?

Pa

Can't I have both? The Germans have it.

Ma

Why don't you go and live in Germany? Why don't you vote for Hindenburg for President?

Pa

Well, I bet he'd make a darn' good President. A darn' sight better than the one we've got.

Ma

Yes, and I can remember when you were making four-minute speeches against him.

Pa

Good God, woman, we're not gonna fight the war all over again, are we?

Bill

Aw, let's.

Mamie

Red says we're gonna have a workers' revolution one of these days.

Bill

That won't bother Red. He never works.

Ma

Now, children, stop it.

Pa

Are we going to have this serious discussion or aren't we?

Ma

Speaking of serious discussions, I had one today with that man who was here about the car. He says he's coming tomorrow with a policeman and take it back if you don't take care of that payment.

Mamie

Red says the new slogan should be "Two chickens in every garage."

Pa

Gimme a rest about Red, will you? And you give me a rest about that car too, will you, Ma? Let 'em come and take the car. We'd be better off without it.

Bill

Say, what am I gonna do?

Pa

You can pay the installment.

Mamie

Why don't you trade it in for a new one? Red says that—

Pa

Say, haven't you got a thought in your head? I'm not talking about cars; I'm talking about your vote.

Ma

Well, I'm certainly not going to have you talking Mamie into voting for rum and rebellion.

Bill

I wish I had a vote. I'd vote for Al Smith. Three or four times. I'd get on a bicycle and vote all day.

Ma

That's just the kind of people who'd like to see the Pope get control of this country.

Mamie

Red says if the Pope wanted this country he could have bought it when Harding was President. Red says everything was for sale then.

Pa

Well, we're not going to have any religious prejudice in this discussion.

Ma

Who said anything about religious prejudice? Hoover's a Quaker. What's Roosevelt?

Mamie

Red says Roosevelt's for the Forgotten Man, whoever he is.

Bill

When this election's over, Roosevelt will be the Forgotten Man.

Pa

A lot you know about it. Franklin K. Roosevelt is for repeal and a new deal.

Bill

Franklin *D.*, Pa.

Ma

New deal? What does that mean?

Pa

Why, it means—a new deal. It means just what it says—new deal. Even a woman could understand that!

MA

Who's going to get it? That's what I want to know.

PA

All of us.

MA

Well, just exactly what is he going to do?

PA

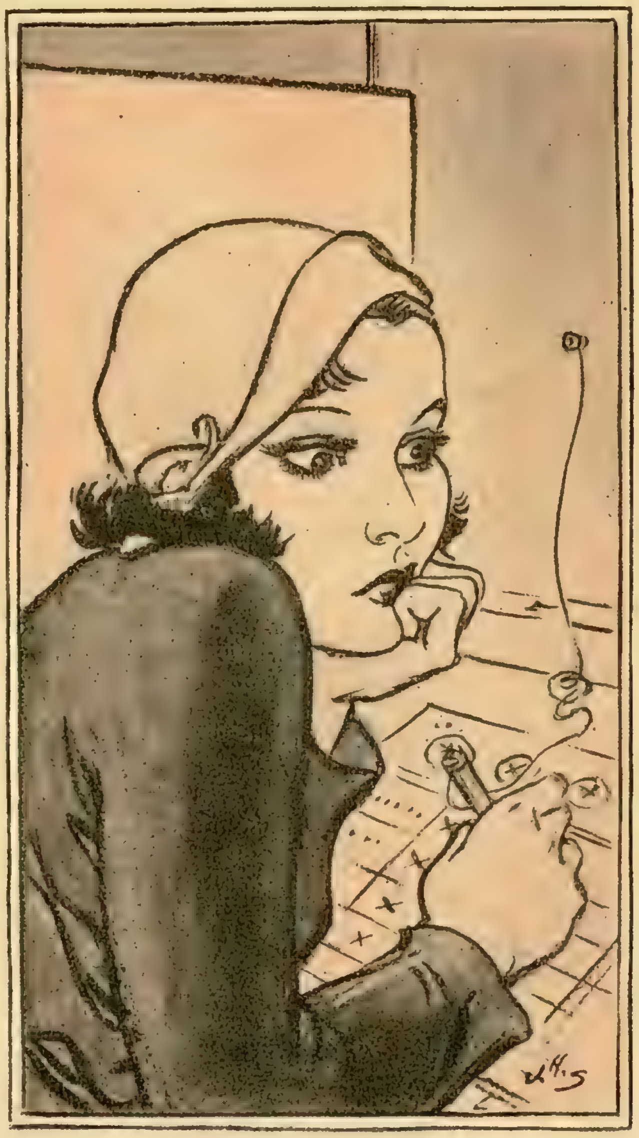
I don't know exactly. Good grief, woman, I'm not running for President.

MA

There you are. Roosevelt doesn't know either. Now you take Hoover.

PA

You take him. We've had him long enough.



"Red says I might just as well vote for Christopher Columbus for all the difference it makes."

MAMIE

Red says what this country needs is a Mussolini or a Stalin.

BILL

Red can supply all the stallin' this country needs. Ha-ha-ha! Joke.

PA

(proudly)

We'll never have a dictator in this country. We fought and bled for democracy and we're going to keep it.

MAMIE

Red says democracy is a lot of boloney. He says we're all ground under the heel of the capitalistical system—or something.

PA

We've got the greatest government in the world. All we need is the right man in the White House—and that's Franklin L. Roosevelt.

BILL

Franklin *D.*, Pa.

MA

How about the farmer?

PA

(bewildered)

The farmer? Well, what about him? He's the—he's the—he's the backbone of our nation.

BILL

That's why he's always getting kicked in the pants.

PA

Roosevelt will see that the farmer gets a new deal, too. And when we have beer again, corn will go up and wheat'll go up and—

BILL

You don't make beer out of corn and wheat. You take malt and hops and then you boil your potato peels and then your water and then—

MAMIE

Red can make it so there isn't any sediment in the bottom.

BILL

Nobody can make it so it don't leave sediment.

MAMIE

Good heavens, what English!

BILL

Well, it's better than Red's beer. He's full of hops anyway.

MA

I won't have any more of that beer talk in this house. The Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution and those that don't like it can go back where they came from.

PA

Well, the American Legion doesn't like it. Want them to go back where they came from?

MA

Certainly. If they're not going to uphold the Constitution.

PA

And the Democratic Party—do you want them to go back where they came from?

MA

It'd be a very good idea. That's the first sensible suggestion you've made this evening.

PA

Four more years of Hoover and we'll all be in the poorhouse.

MA

That's right. Blame Hoover. You haven't had a raise since Roosevelt was President.

PA

And Roosevelt will be President again.

MAMIE

It isn't the same Roosevelt, is it? One of 'em's dead—I think.

BILL

You should ask Red before you take a chance on a statement like that.

MA

(snorting)

Roosevelt, huh? Like father like son.

PA

(choking with rage)

That shows you what women know about politics. You think Franklin G. Roosevelt is Theodore Roosevelt's son. Mamie thinks he's dead.

MA

And you can't even think. All you can talk about is beer. Beer—beer—beer! From early morn to late at night. That's all you talk about—*beer!*

PA

I'm gonna keep on talking about it till I get it. And there's a hundred million others like me.

BILL

'At a boy, pop!

PA

And I want you to go to the polls, Mamie, and vote for beer.

MA

Mamie's going to vote for Hoover, and not a beer keg.

BILL

Why don't you scratch 'em both out and write in Al Smith? I bet if enough people did that he'd be elected.

MA

You couldn't do that. It's unconstitutional.

BILL

I thought this was a democracy, and people could vote for who they pleased.

MAMIE

Whom they pleased.

BILL

So what, stupid?

PA

Cut it out! Let Mamie make up her mind, will you?

BILL

Mamie only makes up her face. Red makes up her mind.

MAMIE

Oh, is that so? Well, I've made up my mind about voting.

PA–MA

Who? What?

MAMIE

I'm not going to vote.

PA

Why not, I'd like to know?

MAMIE

Red says I forgot to register.

PA

(collapsing)

Good grief!

MA

(triumphantly)

There! That's the kind of a father you are!

THE END

ATTENTION

Another Great First Story Offer!

WRITERS

$10,000 HAS BEEN SET ASIDE FOR UNKNOWN AUTHORS

ATTENTION

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

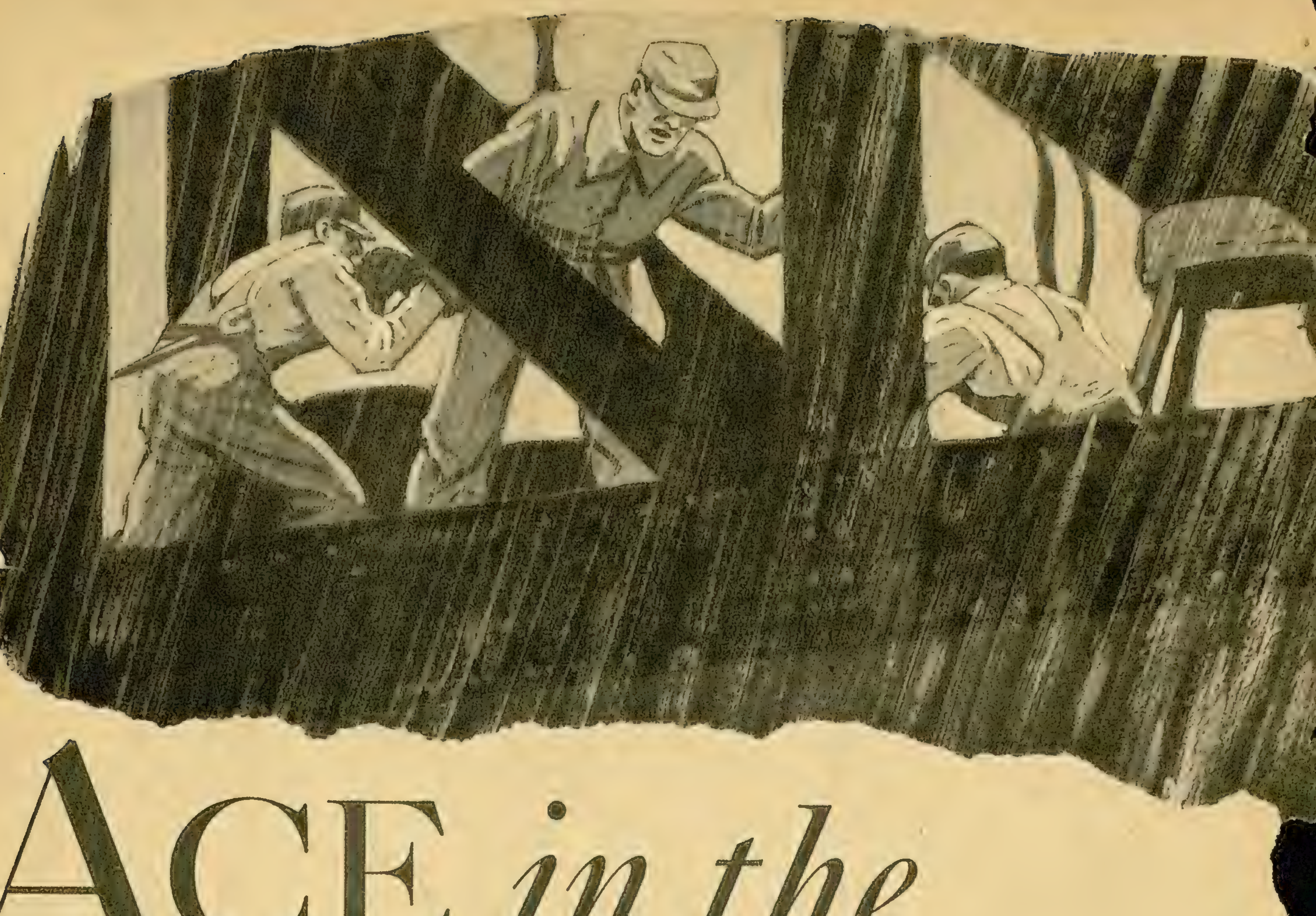
Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY



ACE in the HOLE

The Test of a Man and a Triumph in Steel

(Reading time: 15 minutes 39 seconds.)

THERE were three Westcott brothers; Bob, Victor, and Danny. And there was old Jim Westcott, the superintendent, who was their father. Day by day the three boys builded dangerously, under his cold eyes, the dizzy lacework of the great Storm Valley viaduct, high up in the wind-scoured sky.

This was most curious, too; for Bob had been dead over two years and Victor had been dead nearly one year. Danny was most intensely alive, as anyone could see who looked up at him scampering briskly over the spidery steel like a nimble young squirrel. But Jim alone knew that all three of his stalwart sons were working together again just like they used to when he was "Smilin' Jim Westcott" and his fine boys were as three honor medals on his deep, proud chest.

Yes, Jim knew. For many's the time he glimpsed a cheery wave from big Bob out of whirling snow high up in the frozen steel. And when the clean wind harped its wild tunes on the mighty steel strings, many's the time he heard Victor's voice blend with the strange notes far above.

After something wet and cold had reached out of that terrible drowning cloudburst on the Ohio River bridge job and plucked off big Bob, Jim's smile had begun to wane. Then, after that day when he held the broken form of Victor in his arms and saw the cigarette slowly fall from the whitening lips, he never smiled again. Now he stood apart from the other men, mostly; and a secret and sober shadow often fell over him as he peered up into the beautiful cold pattern etched on the bitter skies. For he knew that two brothers climbed unseen with Danny and kept tryst with him day by day.

For some time back a murmuring had passed among the men and queer tales crept about telling how old Jim had been heard talking to Bob or Victor. And after these talks, it was whispered, odd plans and contrivances came to him whereby he could move great slabs of steel about in the most amazing and astounding ways. As his bitterness grew, his steel leaped into place all the faster. In the big offices of Torrington & Downs it was said that no matter how tough an erecting job might come up for bidding, they always had an ace in the hole to count on and get by—Jim Westcott.

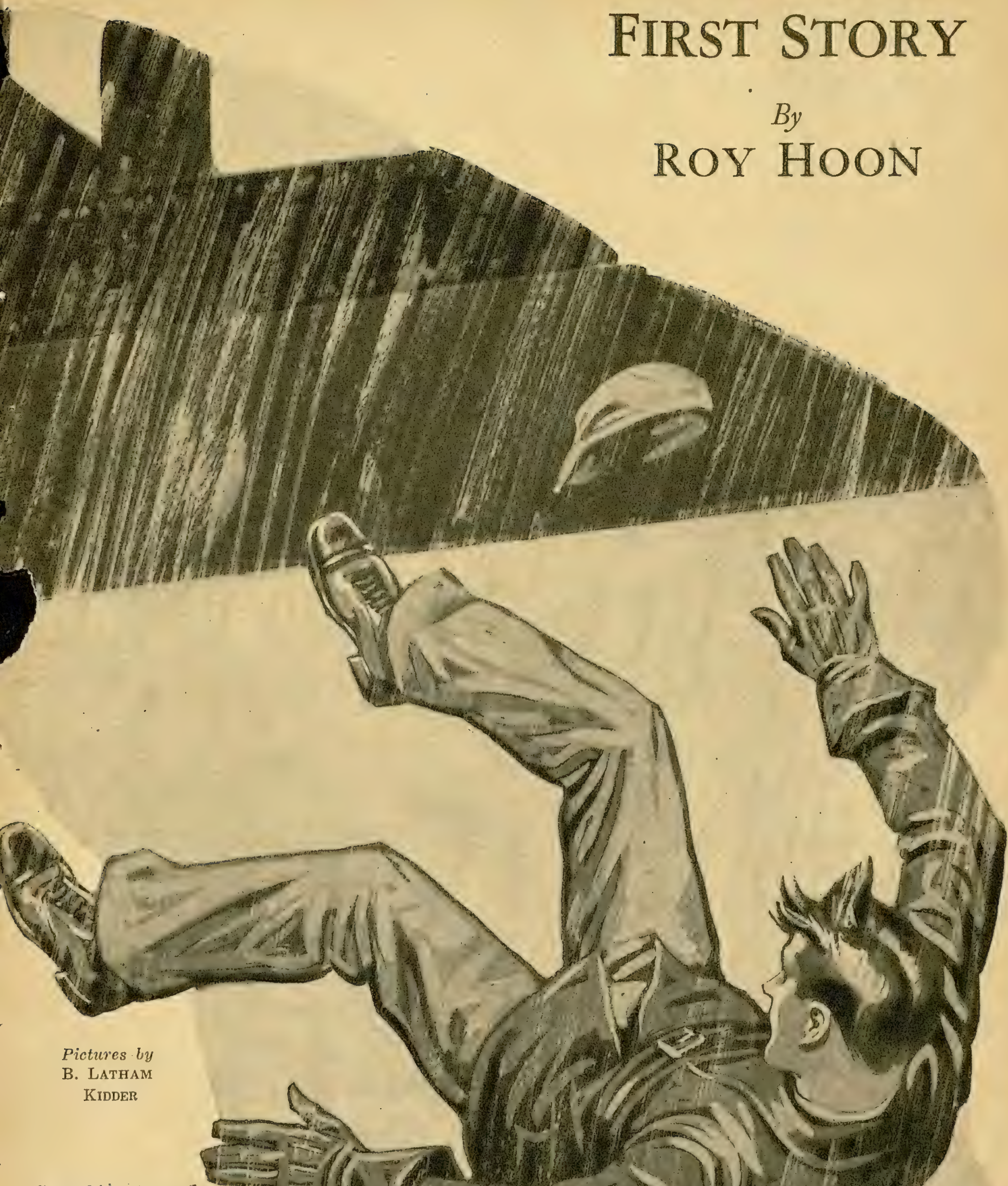
So he had been sent out by William Torrington himself to put up this viaduct in desolate Storm Valley—and get it up in record time. For if Jim could do this, Torrington & Downs could easily wrest the bridges on the Railton Extension from the Acme Bridge Company as soon as the Interstate Commerce Commission approved.

The ambulance had just gone away, its tires creaking drearily over the hard-frozen snow. Whitey Falls this

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By

ROY HOON



Pictures by
B. LATHAM KIDDER

Something wet and cold had reached out of that cloudburst on the Ohio River bridge and plucked off big Bob.

Kill a COLD before It Takes Root!

TREAT a cold quickly and treat it *decisively!* Don't depend on half-way measures. Half-way measures only lead to half-cured colds.

Take a COLD remedy for a cold and not a remedy good for half a dozen things. Take a remedy that gets a cold from the *inside,* and not merely a surface treatment.

4 EFFECTS!

The wise thing to do is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine as soon as you catch a cold. Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is effective and reliable because it is specifically a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary to relieve a cold.

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack. Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is safe to take! It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Taken promptly, it will usually expel a cold overnight. So in its use lies safety. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Convenient, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get it today.

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
PRICE 30 CENTS
FOR COLDS

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

time—one leg all shot to rags—one of the best signalmen in all steeldom. The little group of steelworkers had drifted away through the swirling snow to their work on the great skeleton high above. Hard-bitten, steady-eyed men they were; but now their faces were touched with an unwonted bitterness.

Jim turned grimly to Fluke, his timekeeper. "Flukie, what in God's name is wrong with me? What's wrong with this whole rotten job, anyhow? There goes the third one to the hospital since this job started! As fine a steelman as ever drove a driftpin. First the gears strip out of the derrick car. Then we drop that forty-five-ton girder. Now we run into a string of bust-ups worse than Sunday afternoon on the Lincoln Highway."

"Come on, Jim, forget it! Why, you're way ahead of schedule right now. You're just working too hard, and a fellow gets sorta jittery sometimes when he's all ragged out." Fluke gave his super a cigarette and then went on: "You couldn't help poor Whitey slipping off that platform. With this damned weather, it's lucky he wasn't killed instead of just getting a busted leg."

Roy Hoon, the author, is a practicing physician and surgeon in Monongahela, Pa. He claims to hold the state record for missing deer, bears, and inside straights. Dr. Hoon was born in Cleveland and received degrees from Bucknell and the University of Pennsylvania. He is married and has three boys.

"I know, Fluke. You're right in a way. But a superintendent on a bridge job's got to look out for his men. Of course nobody knows better than me all that goes into the cost of a big bridge; but this job's been haywire ever since we started."

"Jim, you look half frozen—let's go over to the office and thaw out."

They walked over to the little portable field office set down beside the C. & N. tracks. Jim sat down on a bench beside the long table littered with blue prints, while Fluke punched up the coal fire and opened the ash door. High above the office, staccato bursts from riveting hammers already began to sound as the crews got back to work.

"NOW, Jim, don't let any of these wangly things get the edge on you. How'n hell's it your fault if a bushel of gears do crack up? You're not building gas engines. And if a boom buckles and drops a forty-five-ton girder—you're not building derricks, either. And you didn't order this damned blizzard that's been howling around like a banshee for three days and get Whitey and the rest hurt, either."

"Sure, Flukie, you're dead right. But there's a lot more than just that." Jim held his stiffened fingers to the glowing stove a while and then went on: "Say, Flukie—did you hear what poor old Whitey gritted out while I was helping Doc Cobb put the splint on his leg?"

"No, Jim."

"Well, it hurt me—it hurt bad! Here's what Whitey said: 'Nice mess I'm in! You pushers shovin' us poor devils to death on this job—beatin' out the Acme gang! Why don't you put your *own* boy on some of these hot spots?' Yes, that's what he threw at me. And I stood there and took it smack on the chin." He kicked the ash door shut and turned his back to the stove. "And I know what the rest have been whispering around all over this job, too—that the Old Man's picking the soft spots for his boy Danny!"

"Now, Jim, listen to me. I know you better than you know yourself. Haven't I been with you long enough to know there isn't a loose rivet in you?" Fluke's voice softened. "Wasn't I there in the cloudburst that day with you and Bob? Didn't I help carry Victor off the job last year? And don't I know why Torrington & Downs always spot you on every job where the goin's tough? 'Cause you're white, Jim, you're smart, and you got guts!"

"GUTS hell! What good's guts when the company sends me out with half the equipment the Acme supers get and then want me to beat 'em finishing every job? Look at this a minute." He spread out a long blue print on the table. "Here's a sample—look at this print. Half a steelman could see it sticking out like two sore thumbs first look. Every pound of steel on that plan just plain everyday steel lifting, outside that pair of eighty-ton girders where we cross the C. & N. tracks. Then all I got to do is lift two little eighty-ton girders up three hundred feet and set them down on the towers. And do it with a hundred-ton derrick car and a toothpick Chicago boom!" Jim threw back the print. "And I figured on having Whitey up there passing my signals back to the engineer. Now *he* gets busted up! Don't know who else is steady enough to put in his place."

He buttoned up his reefer around his neck and pulled on his gloves. "But I'll get their damn' girders up soon as this storm lets up—watch me! And I'll shut up this dirty whispering, too!" He opened the door. "Better get the compensation report out on poor old Whitey right away. I'm going down the track and see how the job looks."

For a long time Jim Westcott stood in the fury of the storm and studied the gaunt vermilion miracle that soared far above him. Most of the men had been forced down and had sought shelter in the compressor house. But one gang still worked high up in the north tower assembling the Chicago boom that was to help out the derrick car lifting the deadly weight of those two mighty girders. As he watched the phantom figures, whirls of snow would blot them out altogether at times. Real man work—and what a keen, hand-picked lot they were!

While he listened to the keening of the icy air sweeping through the giant towers, there came back to him a figure hurtling off into a fury-lashed river far below. And a wan little smile on whitening lips. Only one left now. Young Danny. The smooth warm skin of him, the cool steady eyes—born steelman.

He glared up at the vermilion lacework. "Hah! No wonder they paint you red—that's not red lead—that's *blood* you're painted with!"

The quitting whistle sounded over the storm-whipped valley, and soon he saw Danny sliding down a big column near by. Then down the track he came with that odd catlike tread of the true steelworker.

"Hello, dad! Zowie—is this some day! 'Bout ready to highball?"

"Yes, Danny. But I want to talk to you a minute in the office before we go home."

Fluke was ready to leave as they came in.

"All right, Flukie. Dan and I want to thaw out a little before we drive home. Good night."

"Good night, Jim. Good night, Danny."

THEY sat down and Dan looked expectantly at his father.

"Danny, I'm in a tight place—and you're to help me out."

"Sure, dad. I'll go the limit for you."

Jim Westcott winced.

"That's just it—I hope you never have to go the limit for me, boy! But as soon as this blow lets up we're going to put up those two big girders. Now, maybe you don't know it, but that's the most ticklish job I ever drew. Since poor Whitey got knocked off, I want you to go up in his place on the derrick car as signalman."

Danny's face lighted up. "Say, dad, you're a real guy! You really mean that?"

Jim nodded silently.

"Thanks. I'll watch you like a hawk!" He wrung Jim's big hand.

"Now, boy, you know what it means raising those girders with what equipment we have. If you don't spot the engineer just the right speed every second she's in the air—well, I saw a derrick car upset once!" Jim brushed his hand across his face and went on: "I know you'll hold it down. But one slip—and school's out for you and about a dozen more. You'll have to hold it down, though, because—well, some of the boys here think I've been keeping you off the bad places."

Danny jumped up. "Who said that?" he raged. "I'll—just tell me who said that!"

"Never mind, Danny—never mind. We're here to raise steel and not to raise hell. Now, first thing tomorrow I'm going to call up the head office and make another bid for their biggest derrick car. If I wash up—then you and I and old Maud up there and the

WHY AM I SO NER
I NEED MORE EXERCISE
GUESS I'LL COUNT SHEEP
NEVER EAT THAT AGAIN
I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SL

No More

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Get 8 Hours Sleep Tonight This Natural Way . . Without Drugs

Remarkable Swiss Food Discovery Induces Sound Sleep Quickly, Brings Abundant New Energy Next Day

HERE'S news that can save you many a restless, sleepless night.

For a way has been discovered to bring *sound, natural sleep, entirely without drugs.* A way that 20,000 doctors recommend because it's entirely *safe.*

It is a delicious food-drink you take just before you go to bed. Then fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow.

In the morning you awaken feeling vastly refreshed. For Ovaltine acts to replenish nerve, brain and body tissue while you sleep — brings abundant energy next day.

It Acts This Way

Authorities state that nearly all sleeplessness is caused by these three things: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritability. Ovaltine combats all three.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, draws excess blood away from the brain. Thus combating mental overactivity and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation. Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin).

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Disregard, if you wish, the fact that more than 20,000 doctors advise its use. *Try* it—and see for yourself.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk—and drink it before going to bed. Then see how quickly you fall asleep—how completely and soundly you rest.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note how quickly you fall asleep *every* night—how much better you feel mornings. Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is built up—how vitality multiplies!

Why not 'phone for it now? (933R)

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children — and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula.

Chicago boom team up and put on the best act we can."

"Hot zam! We'll button up some of these mealy-mouths around here when they see those girders across the towers! Now let's quit worrying and beat it."

Next morning Jim called the head offices of Torrington & Downs. "Jim Westcott speaking. . . . Out on the Storm Valley job. . . . Got to talk with Mr. Torrington. . . . No, nobody else will do. . . . Very important."

In a few minutes he was talking to old William Torrington himself.

"Hello, Jim. What's biting you now?"

"Nothing, Mr. Torrington. It's about those eighty-ton girders again."

"Great Cæsar! Still stewing about those girders!"

"Just want to know if you couldn't possibly run out that one-twenty-five derrick car right away for us. It'll be close skatin' with what equipment we have."

"Well, Jim, you're getting as jumpy and cagy as the Acme pushers. I'm surprised. Why, darn your old hide, you could put those two pieces up there with a sewing machine and a ball of twine, I'll bet! No—I'll tell you. Hook up what you have and you'll come through top-hat. And something else. I'm fed up on the office—want to get out on the steel again where I can get a breath of real air. Be sure to phone me about an hour before you start."

"Well—I'll do what you say."

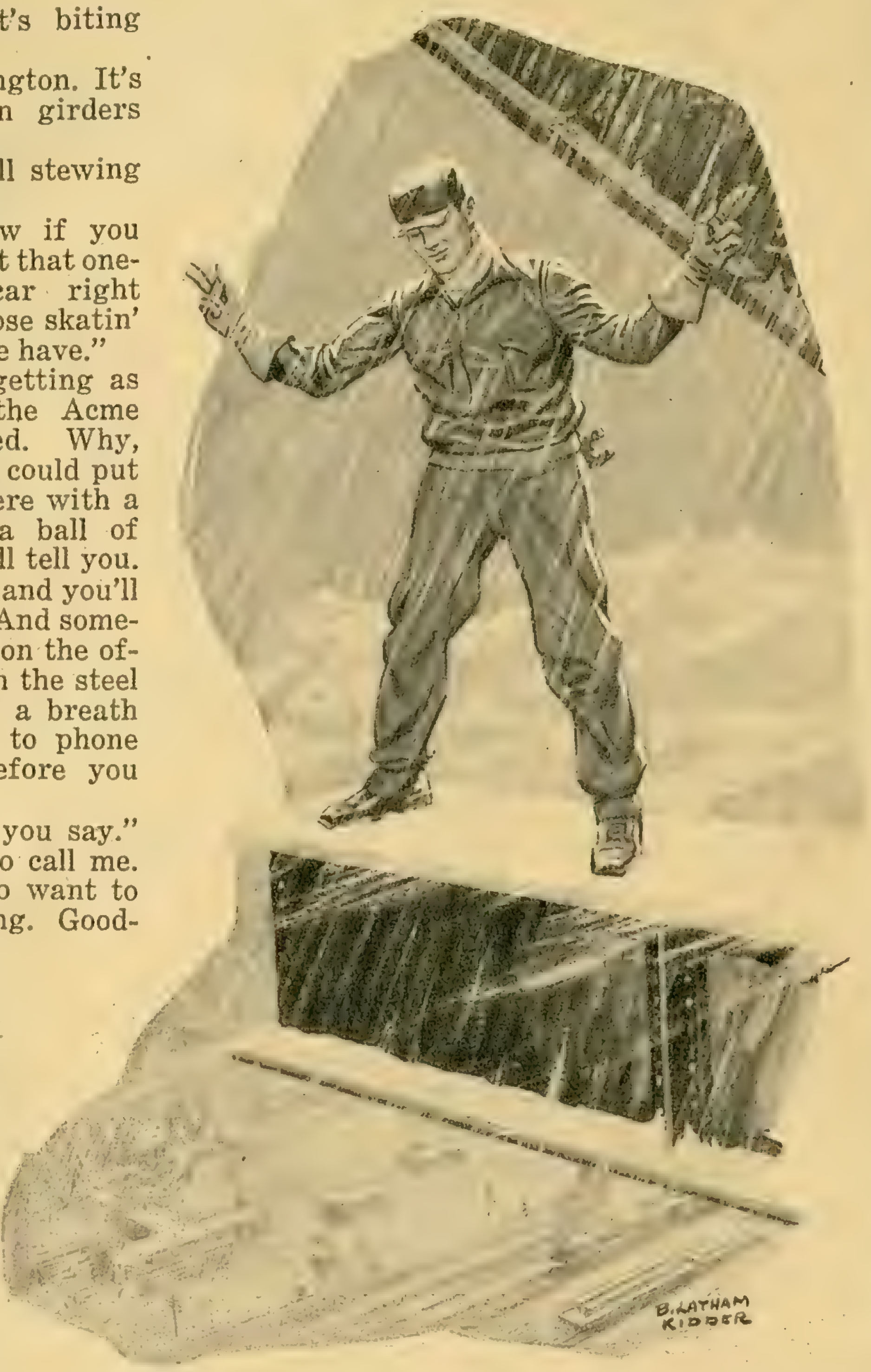
"Now don't forget to call me. Have some real friends who want to see some real steel raising. Good-by, Jim, and good luck."

"Thanks, Mr. Torrington. Good-by."

Jim Westcott hung up and sat looking out the window at the thinning snow whirls. The wind was dying down, too.

"If it keeps on like this, Flukie, we can lift those girders tomorrow. No luck on the one-twenty-five derrick car, though."

By quitting time the wind had died completely and a cheerless quiet held the snowdrifted valley.



From far below, Westcott could see his boy coolly signaling to the engineer.

THERE was a whispering—a desolate sighing—from millions of tiny ice crystals endlessly sifting down into the deep frozen valley. The chill of it crept into the big bones of Jim Westcott. For the hundredth time his slitted eyes combed every inch of the vast viaduct towers, all but lost in the frigid bleakness three hundred feet above.

He stood apart from the newspaper men and company officials gathered to watch—yes, for them—the show. To him—ah, the tang of tons of cold steel soaring up into the icy sky! His boy Danny perched up there in the derrick car where the big Buda engine was idling along. How she'd snort and roar when they clutched the full load on her and cracked the whip over her! His boy Danny—the warm smooth skin of him—the cold steady eyes—the last one left!

A stark loneliness took him as he listened to the wan little voices of the ice pellets bouncing off his frozen hat brim. But even as he stood there he felt that old daring creep over him again.

"Hey, Jim! Come over here and meet these fellows." It was William Torrington, who had just arrived. Jim shook hands absently with the railroad officials and newspaper men, and said little. Always his gaze wandered up through the shroudlike sleet to the great derrick car above, crouched on the finished part of the viaduct like some unbelievably vast beetle. Far out over the void below reached the great boom, for all the world like a huge pair of pincers.

From down the tracks sounded the cold-distorted whistle of the erecting car pushing in the great girder. Two cameramen scurried back a short distance and began to unlimber their cameras. Shortly, and with a cold majesty, a stupendous shape loomed out of the sleet, creaking along on three flat cars. The colossus came to a stop.

A lightning change flashed over Jim Westcott. Steel was on the move! Corded death lurked in taut steely cables!

WITH tapeline and chalk Barney Ward and Buck Grimes swarmed up on to the vermilion monster to mark out the exact inch where the massive "dogs" would bite fast. This took intense attention, as he had figured exactly fifteen tons for Spot Weathers to lift with his Chicago boom, and the remaining sixty-five tons for Danny with the derrick car.

The heavy oak shoring timbers were unbolted from the sides of the girder, and at last the great piece of steel lay free on the flat cars. Down from dizzy heights above spun the dogs from the derrick car and Chicago boom, dangling crazily on their spidery steel cables. Endless adjusting and signaling. Then at last the great jaws tightened into place.

The officials moved discreetly back from the three flat cars. Jim Westcott stood to one side on a patch of clean snow, where his every motion would be silhouetted clearly to the two signalmen watching on the towers far above.

A hush settled over all the waiting men, except for the low hissing of the sleet. For a brief time Westcott stood frozen—his keen eyes ranging over every tense face, every taut cable, the exact angle of the steely bite the huge dogs held on the girder.

Then his upraised hands began a weird whirling motion as though juggling with unseen balls. This was instantly copied by the two signalmen waiting far above. He became an ancient Druid priest weaving some eerie spell over hushed men and straining steel.

As the full strain of the terrible load snapped along the quivering cables to the powerful engine in the derrick car, the muffled purring of the exhaust changed to an angry, deep-throated roar. Across the frozen creek Jim could see Spot Weathers giving more steam to the ground hoisting engine, winding up the cable from the Chicago boom. The big Buda three hundred feet above and the ground engine must be kept synchronized just to a hair, or the mighty slab of steel would up-end and crash.

Never ceasing the strange juggling of his upraised hands, he sometimes waved for a shade more speed from one or the other engine; but mostly his hands moved in perfect unison.

The monstrous piece of steel by now had risen several feet above the flat cars as though by some uncanny force of levitation. A dozen men strained furiously on a rope, tugging it around into the exact position required at the top of the journey. Far above in the frozen air sounded the deep growl of the Buda, now settled down to a steady drumming rhythm. Higher and higher rose the vast shape—the frail-looking cables almost lost in the falling sleet.

More and more cable wound on to the drums, the increased leverage throwing greater and greater strain on the throbbing engine.

From far below, Westcott could see his boy standing out on the thin edge of annihilation, coolly signaling back to the engineer to open up the last notch of the throttle as the girder neared the top.

Then an ominous skip crept into the pulsing roar that by now had the whole valley a-tremble. Smoke burst out from behind the engine house. A speck of a man ran with a bucket of water. The lashings on the back of the car began to snap—the engine house began to rise.

God above! The whole car was upsetting!

Westcott's eyes opened again just in time to see the miracle. The great girder, guided by mysterious hands, had settled wearily on to the two tower tops exactly in the right spot! Freezing hands worked frantically with driftpin and bolt. It was safely anchored!

From the front platform of the derrick car a phantom figure waved. Bill Torrington, white-faced and trembling, gripped the hand of Jim Westcott.

Jim Westcott and William Torrington sat in the field office a long time. Torrington did most of the talking. He told how Torrington & Downs had gained half a million that day. He told how the company was going in for heavier equipment and more safety. He told how Danny was to take his degree in Tech and become a real steelmaster. And he told of things to happen if Jim Westcott ever tried to pull another ace from the hole. Big black Luke, the Torrington chauffeur, knocked respectfully at the door.

"All ready, Luke." William Torrington grasped Westcott's hand again. "Good-by, Jim Westcott. And send Danny in to my office tomorrow at nine."

After William Torrington left, Jim Westcott's eyes scanned the conquered viaduct for a long time. He could see Danny walking along the eighteen-inch edge of the mighty girder. But Bob and Victor were no longer there. It seemed their work was done.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the name given the small semicircular prominence in front of the external opening of the ear?

2—What is acupuncture?

3—Who or what is called Auld Reekie?

4—What men have held the rank of general in the United States army?

5—Who wrote under the pseudonym Richard Saunders?

6—What is the Ardois system?

7—What Presidents were twice elected?

8—What is a cangue?

9—What is the probable origin of the phrase "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip"?

10—What is Mrs. Herbert Hoover's maiden name?

11—What was called Clinton's ditch?

12—How large is the Sahara Desert?

13—Who said, "They also serve who only stand and wait"?

14—What is a syzygy?

15—What is rosin?

16—By what other names is grapefruit sometimes known?

17—What is sterling silver?

18—What year of the Independence of the United States is this?

19—Who cut the Gordian knot?

20—What is the origin of the word Hottentot?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

QUESTION—When do common winter ills trouble people most? (See page 49 for answer)

Are you overly cautious about

DRAFTS
WET FEET
RAW WINDS
STUFFY TRAINS

and not concerned enough with keeping up resistance....

COMMON winter ills often start when your resistance is low. Staying out of drafts and taking care not to get your feet wet, cannot wholly protect you against them.

Why not build yourself up this winter?

Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D, a new concentrate of cod-liver oil vitamins, will specially help you do this.

They provide an abundance of Vitamin A, the important resistance-building factor.

They are also exceptionally rich in Vitamin D! This is the toning sunshine vitamin you need particularly on dark winter days.

Each Adex tablet supplies as much Vitamins A and D as one-half teaspoonful of Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10 D.

No wonder Adex tablets are such a fine resistance-builder!

Begin to take them now and *continue with them regularly every day.* You'll have a healthier and far more comfortable winter.

They are so pleasant to take—just chocolate coated tablets, easy to swallow. At any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in a pleasant new form

POLITICS
and

George M. Cohan in a
Latest Film, a

FRE
JAME

Just a couple of potato peelers—Laurel and Hardy—in a comedy in khaki, Pack Up Your Troubles.

The Phantom President brings George M. Cohan to the screen. Here he is in black face with Jimmy Durante.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 21 seconds.)

GEORGE M. COHAN recently returned from Hollywood breathing fierce and annoyed comments upon his treatment during the making of The Phantom President.

Mr. Cohan, it appears, waited weeks in Hollywood before he was called before the camera. Then he was rushed through his scenes. He hardly met the other members of his company; he never was permitted to have anything to say about the picture; he was disregarded when he protested that the comedy kidded our national ideals; he was startled to see a thousand or so authors rush in, tinker with the story, rush out again.

Mr. Cohan is going to be amazed to find that he made a successful picture. Out of Hollywood's mad method has emerged an unusual satirical comedy. True, it kids what Mr. Cohan holds dear—but it achieves results.

Mr. Cohan's bitterness at Hollywood proves again the wide chasm between the new talking picture and the centuries-old stage.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT

CAST

Theodore K. Blair Peter Varney	George M. Cohan
Felicia Hammond	Claudette Colbert
Curley Cooney	Jimmy Durante
Jim Ronkton	George Barbier
Professor Aikenhead	Sidney Toler
Senator Scranton	Louise MacIntosh
Jerrido	Jameson Thomas

Directed by Norman Taurog.
Produced by Paramount.

The process of political disillusionment continues. This rowdy comedy takes a lusty swat at political hokum. If the American public isn't enlightened by November 8 it will be because the movies (consciously) and the radio (unconsciously) have failed.

Here you see a political faction seize upon a medicine-show faker to impersonate a famous banker. The financier is the candidate for President; but he has no IT, utterly lacks humor and the human quality. The medicine man, who looks exactly like him, has these persuasive factors.

The film attacks political ballyhoo with raucous abandon. There is one moment, indeed, when the camera dissolves from the nether part of a horse to the apoplectic face of a senator bellowing "of the people, by the people, for the people!"

George M. Cohan plays both rôles, and seems not a little dazed by the proceedings. The comedy stands up, however, because of the gusty vitality of Jimmy Durante's clowning in the part of the medicine man's assistant.

The Phantom President is incoherent, clumsy, vigorous. But it expresses a newer Hollywood spirit, one that dares to comment upon American traditions, foibles, sacred institutions.

★ ★ ½ BLONDE VENUS

CAST

Helen Faraday	Marlene Dietrich
Edward Faraday	Herbert Marshall
Nick Townsend	Cary Grant
Johnny Faraday	Dickie Moore
Charlie Blaine	Francis Sayles
Dan O'Connor	Robert Emmett O'Connor
Ben Smith	Gene Morgan
Taxi Belle Hooper	Rita Le Roy
Detective Wilson	Sidney Toler

Directed by Josef von Sternberg.
Produced by Paramount.

This is the film that brought about the famous war between Paramount and Director Josef von Sternberg. Work on the picture stopped, von Sternberg rushed to New York issuing ultimatums, Marlene Dietrich retired to her guarded home. Paramount, it seems, objected to the story.

Later the troubles were patched up; but whoever objected to the story was right. The yarn—which runs over ninety minutes—is false and dull.

Miss Dietrich is the ex-actress wife of a chemist who falls ill of radium poisoning. He must have money for medical treatment and she obtains it by what someone describes as "the speediest method available for a blonde with trim ankles." Hubby recovers, learns the secret, demands that the wife leave him and give up their little boy.

PENITENCE, RISON

Type of Talkie, Marlene Dietrich's Gang Picture, and a Comedy

A chain-gang drama, *Hell's Highway*, features some fine acting by Tom Brown and Richard Dix.

RICK
MITH

Marlene Dietrich, of the fascinating husky voice, and Cary Grant in a scene from the picture Blonde Venus.

She flees with the child through thousands of feet of film, ultimately gives up the boy, goes to Paris, and overnight becomes the toast of the French capital. But of course she returns in penitence and smart décolleté to her husband and her child.

Director von Sternberg has concerned himself with photographing his star with great beauty of picture. None of the characters seem real; the plot movement is murky. Miss Dietrich is less interesting than usual in this study of mother love. There is none of the glamour of the lovely disillusioned wanton of Shanghai Express. But she sings three songs in her fascinating voice—and here the film hits its brightest moments.

★ ★ HELL'S HIGHWAY

CAST

Duke Ellis	Richard Dix
Johnny Ellis	Tom Brown
Mrs. Ellis	Louise Carter
Mary Ellen	Rochelle Hudson
Blacksnake Skinner	C. Henry Gordon
Pop-Eye Jackson	Warner Richmond
Matthew the Hermit	Charles Middleton
Whiteside	Stanley Fields
Billings	Oscar Apfel
Rascal	Clarence Muse

Directed by Rowland Brown.
Produced by Radio.

Hardly entertaining, this is more a dramatic denunciation of prison brutality, and chain-gang horrors in particular.

Miserably fed, wretchedly housed, prisoners in various parts of our land of the free are forced to labor in chains on roads for private and political profit. They are made to work at a mad pace, are beaten if they falter, shot down if they try to escape.

This picture presents the story of two brothers, one a mere boy, in a Southern chain gang. It is remorseless, grueling, well acted by Richard Dix and Tom Brown as the brothers. It will leave you disturbed, I hope, at man's brutality to man. Maybe it will do something to end this particular evil in our wretched system of handling those who break our laws.

★ ★ PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

CAST

Stan	Stan Laurel
Oliver	Oliver Hardy
Their Pal	Donald Dillaway
His Mother	Mary Carr
His Child	Jacquie Lynn
Child Welfare Worker	Charles Middleton
Bank President	Richard Tucker

Directed by George Marshall and Raymond McCarey.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Combining the best features of Shoulder Arms and The Kid.

Those redoubtable pals, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, play doughboys who peel potatoes across Flanders, become heroes by mistake, inherit the child of a dead soldier, and after the Armistice start out to locate the little girl's wealthy grandfather.

This comedy has its laughs—particularly if you care for Laurel and Hardy.

These lads overlook no trick in their quest of laughs. They still bash their noses against closed doors, trip over unexpected obstacles. The best moment comes when the tiny ward (played by Jacquie Lynn) puts her guardians to sleep with the story of the three bears.

Do you know that—

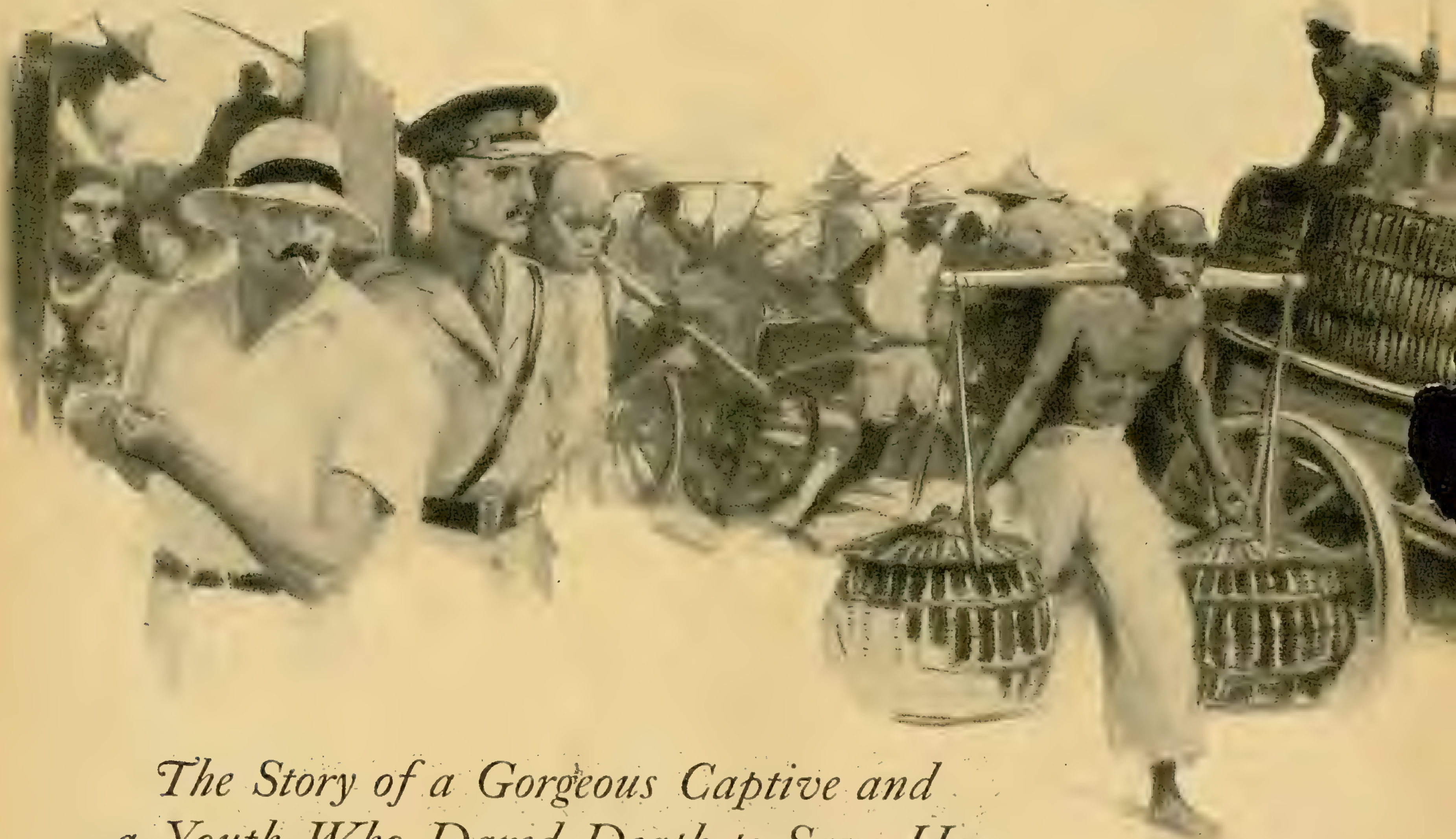
Radio Pictures is to make a talkie of Louisa M. Alcott's immortal Little Women?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel, Congress Dances.

★★★—Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big.

The GARDEN of the TIGERS



The Story of a Gorgeous Captive and a Youth Who Dared Death to Save Her

(Reading time: 28 minutes 40 seconds.)

JAN KROMHOUT was in a particularly cheerful mood. The big Dutch naturalist had discovered a horned toad that interested him greatly. The animal was as large as the American bullfrog, but instead of the homely Pickwickian features of our fat friend of the Louisiana swamps, this gentleman had an evil face. Two very well defined horns stood up above his eyes, and here and there on his fat body were shining scales, a sort of bony armor for his vulnerable points.

He sat upon a small table in Kromhout's bungalow, and he blinked at the naturalist while the latter talked.

" The only use of those horns is to put fear into the minds of hungry snakes," said Kromhout. " That is all. *Ja*, he is intelligent, this toad. He meets a snake that has not seen a frog for days. The snake slides over to him with his mouth open. Does he eat him? He does not.

" The ancestors of this fellow were clever. Very clever. Thousands of years back a toad put forward a suggestion, and he got it into the minds of his species. He thought of something that would make a snake think twice before swallowing him. *Ja*, something pretty plain to the eye of a hungry reptile. He grew two horns where the snake could see them, and because he lived a very long time all his family started to grow horns."

The toad swallowed noisily and glanced at me. I thought he waited for me to jeer at Kromhout, so I made a feeble attack on the statement. " Well, we are not as clever as toads," I said. " We want to fly but we cannot grow wings."

" Flying is not a vital matter," said Kromhout. " Besides, we have a fear that keeps the desire from working. It is the fear of heights. If we had not that fear I believe we could grow wings. I do. The mind of man is a wonderful thing. It can do anything. If wings were necessary to the preservation of the race—and some day they might be—then we would grow them. And perhaps we will kill this fear of great heights. Your skyscrapers in America are doing it right now. If I read tomorrow that a child was born with little wings I would believe at once.

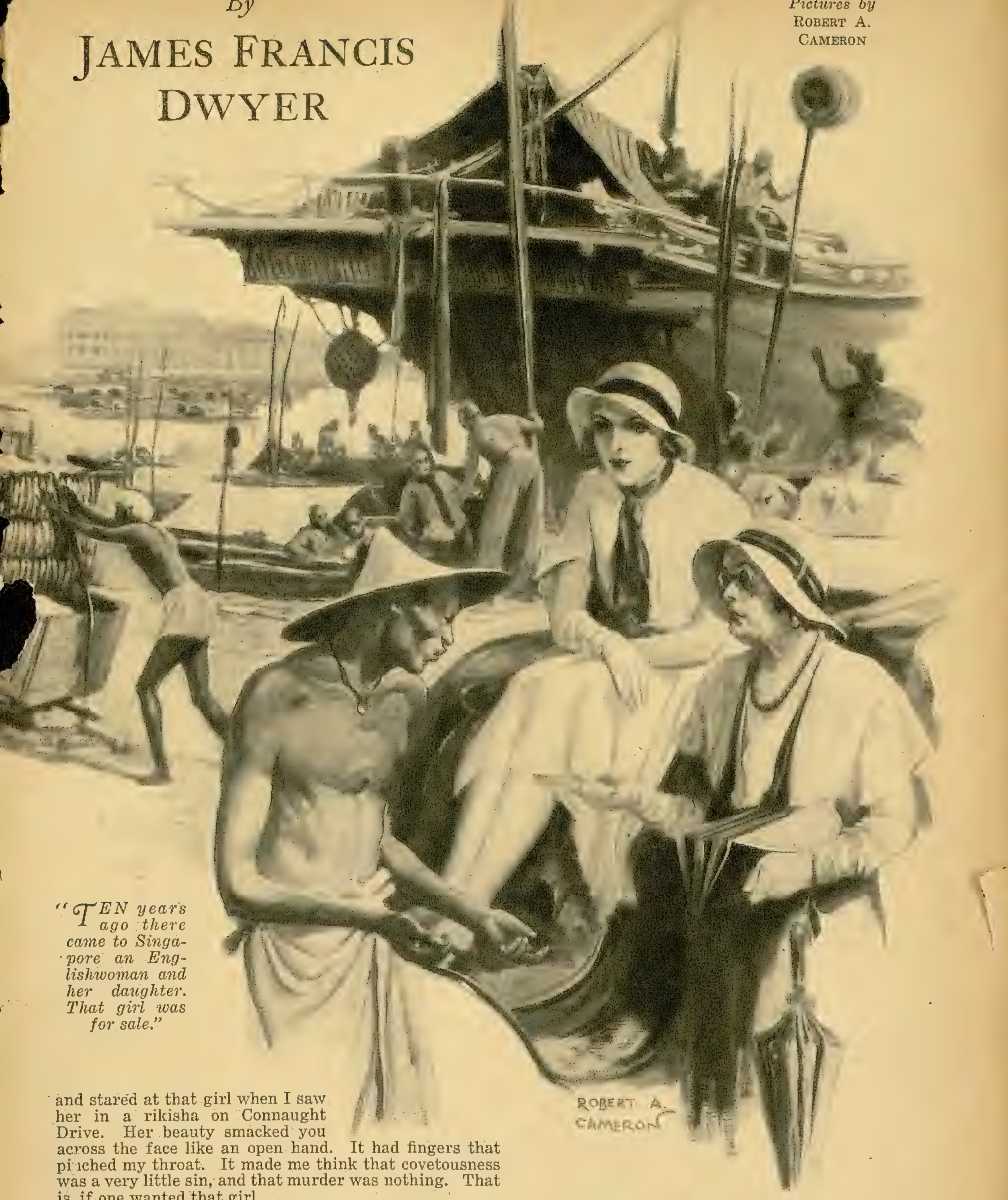
" Listen. I will tell you a story that will interest you. A strange story. And you will not ask for proof because you have already seen the proof. Wait.

" Ten years ago there came to Singapore an Englishwoman and her daughter. They came from Battersea, and they came with a purpose. *Ja!* A big purpose. That girl was for sale.

" She was for sale to a rich person because she was the finest specimen that the East had ever seen. She was something as rare in her own way as this toad. I stood

By
JAMES FRANCIS
DWYER

Pictures by
ROBERT A.
CAMERON



“TEN years ago there came to Singapore an Englishwoman and her daughter. That girl was for sale.”

and stared at that girl when I saw her in a rikisha on Connaught Drive. Her beauty smacked you across the face like an open hand. It had fingers that pinched my throat. It made me think that covetousness was a very little sin, and that murder was nothing. That is, if one wanted that girl.

“There was no sign on the little bungalow hidden in the casuarina trees on Orchard Road. No sign to tell the world that the girl was for sale. But the East knew. The news had gone out. Tongues wagged. Bazaars gossiped. Little breezes took the news across the Strait of Malacca so that men knew at Padang and Palembang. It went down to Java, and fat Dutchmen sitting over their beer in the Konings Plein at Batavia spoke of her. They knew her name. Her mother had called her Maia, after the goddess of the plains. Maia Romilly. And they knew her age, which was eighteen, and all her history. She had been brought up in the slums, but her mother knew from the beginning that she had something precious. She watched her. *Ja.* She kept her under lock and key, and when she was ready for the market she brought her to the Orient.

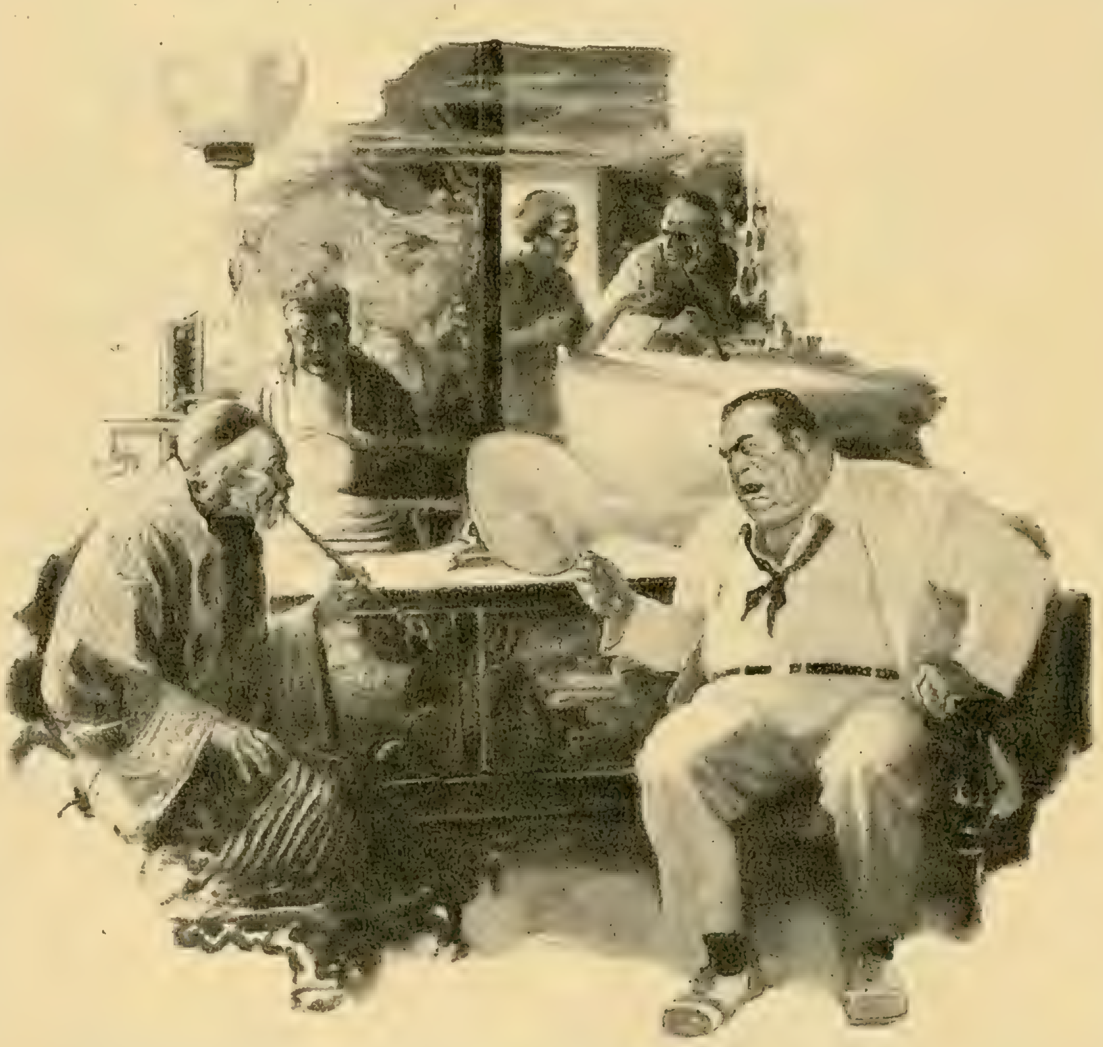
"She was a very cunning woman was that mother. She did not want a title for her daughter. *Neen.* She wanted cash, hard cash, and so much of it that she knew she would not get it in England or the Continent.

"She had dreams of bargaining with maharajas who had a thousand rupees for every shilling owned by an English lord.

"She knew that there were nabobs in the Orient whose fortunes do not get into the papers. That kind of publicity gets one's throat cut out here. She was clever was that *frau.*

"There are fellows in the East who hunt for women like I hunt for lizards. Not for themselves. They are scouts for the rich. For the very rich.

"Lots of those fellows came and talked with the woman in the bungalow on Orchard Road. They talked and they made bids, but she laughed. She knew. And the girl could be seen at cricket matches and tennis tournaments and at the race course. With her mother. Those English officers got a few setbacks from that old lady. They would click their heels and try to butt in, but she knew that they were in debt to their eyebrows. She knew. That swagger did not mean anything to her. Those colonels and brigadier generals had as much chance with her as a rikisha coolie.



"Castro went into a chandoo shop and asked for a man. This Chinaman had a strange gift."

"I will tell you something of that old woman. The Osaka Shosen Kaisha steamer brought a big man from the place in America where they make the cinema films. He saw that girl at a review on Raffles Plain, and he walked around her and studied her. Studied her as if she was a horse. He noted her flexible back, and her long splendid legs, and her firm breasts that were like those of Nicolette, holding up her bodice like two apples. And he breathed big with excitement. *Ja,* he did.

"THIS cinema fellow went back to his hotel and he wrote a contract for three years, leaving the place for the salary blank. He took a rikisha and rode up to the bungalow in the casuarina trees. He put the contract on the table and told the mother of that girl to fill in the little space he had left for the girl's wages.

"That woman laughed. She said she did not want wages for her daughter. Not at all. And she did not wish her daughter to work. She had never worked.

"The cinema fellow was astonished. He said the girl would have very little work. She would have maids and seven automobiles, but the woman cut him short. 'Do you wish to buy my daughter?' she said. 'No,' gasped the man; 'I wish to hire her.' That woman rose and walked to the door. 'I am busy,' she said. 'I cannot spend any more time with you,' and the most astonished man that had ever left the United States rode down to his hotel.

"The girl was five months in Singapore when there came an agent from a man in Batavia. That agent had reported to his master. The master had given him a bag of notes and gold, and the agent put that bag on the table of the bungalow and told the mother to take as much as she wanted. She took it all. Next day she left for England, and the girl left for Batavia.

"The man who bought that girl was named Castro. He had a family tree that was not a tree at all. It was a jungle.

"His great-grandfather was a gambler at Macao who had married a little lady from Yokohama. That started the open house. Their son married a Tamil, and into the family by marriage came Chinese, Malays, Shans, Koreans, and some others. And when anyone asked one of them what he was he said he was a Portuguese. *Ja.* He would answer in Chink or Jap or Achinese, Gajo, Battak, Malay, or Sangirese, but he was always Portuguese.

"Castro himself was a funny fellow. You have seen those little figures of the Japanese god of good luck, Ho-tai? Well, he was like Ho-tai. He was as broad as he was long, he had legs as short as the legs of that toad, and he weighed two piculs and that is more than two hundred and sixty pounds."

I GLANCED at the toad to see the length of his legs so that I could form a mental picture of Monsieur Castro. Kromhout had moved his chair so that the table upon which the amphibian squatted was now at the rear of the naturalist, and as I glanced at the animal I saw that he was creeping stealthily toward the edge. I thought he winked at me, so I did nothing to attract Kromhout's attention.

"This Castro had a house in the Weltevreden quarter of Batavia," continued the naturalist.

"Around it was a wall six meters high, and in the grounds there were many animals and birds. Very many. There were monkeys and peacocks. And there were rare lizards—I, myself, sold him some fine specimens of the *Lacerta ocellata,* which is brilliantly green with blue spots along the sides. And there was a pool full of crocodiles that Castro loved to tease. He would have big bladders filled with air and all smeared with fish oil and he would toss them on to the water. The crocodiles would smell the stinking fish oil and snap at the bladders, but they would never get them because their noses would hit them and make them hop into the air. Castro would sit for hours watching the crocs snap at those things. It amused him.

"He had funny watchdogs for that castle. They were two full-grown tigers. Every night at twelve o'clock they were let out of their cage, and they ran free till daybreak. Then their keepers drove them back into the den with pitchforks and torches. Pedro Castro was the richest man in the Malay and he did not like his sleep disturbed by hungry devils with knives in their hands.

"That girl could not complain of her treatment. She had the top floor of that castle for herself, and she had twenty maids to wait on her. She was bathed and massaged, and her little toes were painted. And she ate kickshaws that came from all quarters of the Orient. Castro was so rich that he could buy everything. There were Chinese swallow nests, *yen-wo;* and there were lotus seeds preserved in sugar, and bears' palms, and caviar, and trepang, and dried persimmons, and litchi nuts, and gourd melon in sirup, and big shrimps—*hsia-jên*—from Hanoi, and a thousand other things. And the boats of the Messageries Maritimes brought wine for Castro direct from France to Singapore.

"And that agent in France who bought the wines sent out perfumes. Boxes and boxes of perfumes. He had orders to send a dozen bottles of every scent that the big *parfumeurs* of Paris invented. There was a special room for those scents. I have seen that room. There were hundreds of crystal bottles in it, and the odor of it made me drunk. Damask silk came from Nanking by the mile. And rich brocades. And Javanese sarongs from Solo and Djokla that were handmade with threads of pure gold running through them. *Ja,* she had everything.

"ONE year passed. Perhaps a little more. Then there came a small circus to Batavia. An English circus. Not one of your big American affairs. *Neen.* When a circus or a theatrical troupe comes to the East it is nearly always poor and small. This place is the sticks. I have seen all the shows for many years and I know.

"That young woman wished to see the circus. Castro arranged for a special box. It was close to the ring, and it was curtained so that the girl would only be visible to the performers. Fat Castro did not wish every cheap fool in that audience to stare at the girl he had bought for a high figure. Not much.

"The first turns of the circus were poor. Very poor. The girl was bored. Castro went to sleep. He folded his arms on his fat stomach and he looked like the Daibutsu of Kamakura. *Ja,* he looked very funny when he was asleep.

"Then, suddenly, the star of that circus ran into the ring. He was a youth of twenty, tall and slender, and he was in silvery tights and spangles. He was a trapeze worker and he was the one good man in the show. There was a reason for his being there. I will tell you. The East had called him because there was something in the East that he wished to see. You understand? That something was in the Castro box staring at him with big blue eyes.

"Those two, that boy and girl, had made mud pies together on Battersea Bridge Road when they were very small. They had shared their stale buns with each other. They had been child sweethearts.

"The girl watched him climbing the rope to the trapeze. There were tears in her eyes. She looked from his splendid legs to Castro, who was asleep. The boy had not seen her. He had not glanced at the box.

"He stood on the bar and looked down at the faces that watched him. At the fat Dutchmen who ate too much cheese for acrobatic work. He was smiling as he stood there, then—

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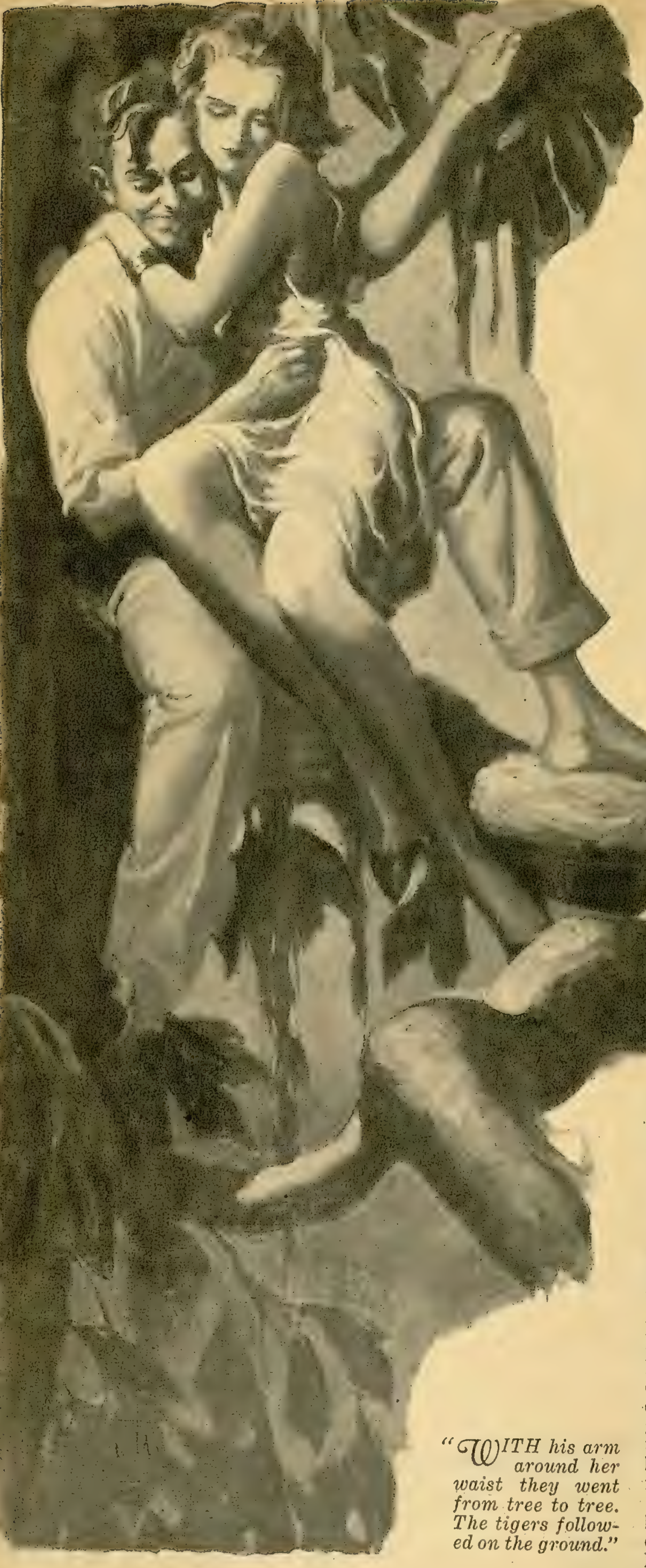

"WITH his arm around her waist they went from tree to tree. The tigers followed on the ground."

then her face sprang out of the mass of faces. Sprang out like a flame.

"He called her name. He screamed it so loud that it woke Castro. And he did not think of his act. Not much. He clutched a rope and slid to the ground like a flash of light, and he rushed to the box.

"That cross-bred Castro was quick. Very quick. He took one look at the girl and one at the boy, and his long oblique eyes told him something. He grabbed the woman by the shoulders and pushed her through the back of the box into the arms of some of her attendants. Then he turned on the acrobat who was climbing over the rail.

"'What the hell do you want?' he yelled.

"The boy stammered out something. He said he knew the lady in London and wished to speak to her. 'My name is Harry Finch,' he said.

"Castro pushed his big round face into the face of the boy. 'Your name is mud!' he said. 'Get out of this or I'll get one of my men to cut your head off and stick it up like Peter Erberveld's skull!' Castro was speaking of the Eurasian who tried to run the Dutch out of Java and whose head is stuck up on a pike on the Jacatra Road.

"THERE was quite a row in that circus. Five or six men who were a bodyguard to Pedro Castro jumped on Finch, and the people screamed and shouted. It was quite a nice riot. When it was over, that young acrobat had to be taken to the hospital. Castro drove home to his big house, and the two tigers were unloosed to walk around under the casuarina trees hoping some fool thief would come over the wall. They were always hoping, those tigers.

"Castro could not sleep. He lay awake thinking of the legs of that boy Finch. *Ja.* He could not push them out of his mind. They were really wonderful legs. I have seen them often. In the Rijks-Museum at Amsterdam there is a picture called De Schuttersmaaltyd—the Banquet of the Arquebusiers of Amsterdam, painted by Bartholomeus van der Helst. Those *schutters* are celebrating the Peace of Westphalia. There are twenty-five of them, and in the center of that group is one who has legs like that English acrobat. Always I was reminded of that picture when I saw that boy on the trapeze. Three times I went to see him, and each time my mind went to the Rijks-Museum in the Stadhouders-Kade in Amsterdam. It is funny how some small thing will dig up memories of long ago.

"Castro shut his eyes, but those long silver legs walked in the darkness. He was mad, was Castro. Half a dozen times he turned on the light and kicked off the sheets to look at his own legs. And each time he cursed. He cursed a lot. He damned his legs in six languages. And he wondered if the girl was thinking of that acrobat's legs. And when he wondered about her he swore some more in other languages.

"He lay awake with his thoughts. He could hear the two tigers crashing through the underbrush around his big house. And he could hear the crocodiles when they woke up to take another snap at the bladders that were smeared with fish oil. And he heard the monkeys telling each other to push over. And he heard the peacocks screaming. But above all those noises he heard the cry of that acrobat when he called out the name of the girl who had once made mud pies with him in the mud of Battersea! And he had seen the face of the girl when she heard that cry. He did not feel well, did Pedro Castro. Not well at all."

Jan Kromhout paused to knock his big pipe against the heel of his shoe. I took a quick look at the toad. It might have been pure luck on the part of the creature that he seized the moment while the naturalist was hammering to make his leap to the floor. I cannot say he planned it, but I do know that his *plop* as the fat stomach struck the floor went unnoticed. I said nothing. I had a dim idea that the toad thought I was on his side.

"This Harry Finch," said Kromhout, taking up the tale, "heard all about Castro and his house. *Ja, ja.* All about the tigers too. It was easy to hear things about Mynheer Castro. The boy listened to all the tales about his wealth and his cruelty, and the more he listened the more determined he became. He wanted to talk to Maia Romilly who was a prisoner in that big house, and he didn't care how many thugs or how many tigers Castro had in his service. He was young, and he loved the girl who lived in the top of that castle. He had seen her face when he dropped from the trapeze and ran to the box, and he knew she was not happy. He knew.

"THIS Finch made a study of the trees in the grounds around the house. He memorized them. One dark night he climbed the wall and he jumped from the top of that wall to the limb of a tree that grew close to it. From that tree he moved to another. And then to another.

"Those two tigers smelt him. Quick they smelt him. They had been hoping for some years that a fool would climb that wall in the darkness. When Finch moved from one tree to another they followed underneath, hoping that he would slip and tumble to the ground. They were sure he would slip. They didn't know that he was a great acrobat with the agility of a jerboa. They just thought he was a fool coolie from the Pasar Baroe.

"Finch could see their four green eyes beneath him. They were mad, were those tigers. They drooled spit from their jaws. And they made little whining cries to their tiger god asking him to make a limb snap. And that young man laughed at them. He liked the thrill of it. *Das Alter wägt, die Jugend wagt.*

"*Ja,* he was amused. He threw down his hat to them, and they sprang at it, thinking it was himself. You see, those tigers did not know of that young man's legs. Those legs that were long and slim and muscular like the legs of the arquebusier in van der Helst's picture. They did not know what those legs could do.

"Finch got to the tree that was nearest to the wall of the big house. The two tigers were sure that they would get him at that point. They were very mad. They kept hopping into the air and whining as if their bellies were aching from the delay.

"The boy climbed out to the end of a big limb and he looked at the wall. It was dark, very dark, but he could see a window that had bars to it. He sprang at that window. He caught the bars and clung there. And the tigers rolled on the ground with fury. Rolled and cursed him in the tiger tongue.

"Finch drew himself up to another window. It was in the top story of the house. He had made a lot of inquiries about that house. Quite a lot. He tapped at that window. Tapped in the same fashion as he used to tap at a dirty window in London years and years before. The window opened. *Ja,* it opened. That girl flung her arms around the neck of the boy and kissed him. 'I was sure you would come!' she said. 'Oh, I was certain!'"

JAN KROMHOUT paused to fill his big meerschaum. I took a glance at the floor. The toad was moving toward some specimen cases in a corner. I knew that one of these cases contained a strange green tree snake that had caused a lot of worry to the naturalist. This green snake refused food. Kromhout had tried to tempt him with every kind of titbit that could be procured, but the reptile refused each morsel.

"I do not know how long that boy was at the window before the girl asked him how he got there," continued Kromhout. "When he told her how he had come across the trees with the two tigers walking underneath hoping that he would fall, she nearly fainted. He laughed. *Ja,* he laughed. 'It is nothing,' he said. 'If you say the word I will drop to the ground and give each of those old tigers a kick in the face.' He said that so that she would think those two cats were nothing. He wanted to kill her fear of them. Why, do you think? I will tell you. He had planned to take her back with him through the trees in the way he had come. That circus was leaving at three in the morning. It was going on an old cargo tramp down to Macassar. Finch had planned that he and the girl were going along.

"When he whispered what he thought of doing she jumped back from the window. She could see the green eyes of those cats and hear their whining. But Finch kept on talking. He explained how he would do it. He would carry her down to the small window below, and he would swing her on to the limb while he clung to the bars. After they got on the trees, he said, it would be easy. He talked and talked till he convinced her.

"She crawled out of the window and Finch rested her on his shoulder. Then he came down the wall. The two tigers were crazy now. They

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thought they would have two persons instead of dividing one. Finch was strong. I have seen that window and the tree to which he swung that girl. It was some job. But I told you that the East had seen nothing like her. And he was drunk with the perfume that came from her body as he brought her down the wall.

“She clung to the bough and he leaped to her side. Then, with his arm around her waist, they went from tree to tree. And the tigers followed on the ground. And Finch laughed at the cats. Laughed at them because he was drunk with love. When they leaped in the air he broke off branches from the trees and flung them at the two. But the girl was terrified. Before they came to the wall she fainted, and that young man carried her like a fireman. On to the wall and down to the street. Two rikisha coolies were coming in from Kwitang. The tramp that was loading the circus was at its dock at Tandjong Priok. Two hours later they were out on the Java Sea.

“In the morning there was trouble in that big house in the Weltevreden quarter. Much trouble. The guards found the little bits of Finch's hat and they brought them to Castro as he was eating his breakfast. And the maids of the girl came with the news that she was not in her room. It was nice news for that fat man. Very nice news. He had paid a lot for that girl. Quite a lot. And he had been fooled by a young fellow with silver legs. Oh, he was mad. He picked up a stick and he hit one of the tiger keepers a blow that crippled him. Crippled him for life. Pedro Castro was a crazy man. He yelled and he swore, and he took oath in nine languages that he would bust up that man who had stolen the girl. He would bust him if he spent a million gulden. He was the maddest man in the Malay Archipelago. The legs of that fellow Finch came up before his mind. He shut his eyes and he saw them moving over the tree tops. Making fools of the two tigers. Only the legs. The damnable legs in silver tights.

“Those legs drove Castro crazy. He could not shut them out. They walked up the walls of his big rooms. They crawled across the ceiling. They hung in the air before his bloodshot eyes when he walked on the terrace. Just the legs. Never the body and face. The legs in silver tights and spangles. They hurt him so that he cried out with pain. *Ja*, he cried out with the pain that they brought him. Pedro Castro had millions and millions. He could buy slaves and he could buy women, but he could not buy new legs. *Neen.* So he cursed and foamed at the mouth.

“NOW I am going to tell you something that might sound strange. Something that is very hard to believe, but which I know to be true. In the West our thoughts move in tracks that have been beaten for us by people we call thinkers, but in the East the mind of man wanders from the track and tastes new food. You can be crazy and be wise out here. If you are not standardized in Europe they will lock you up.

“Castro went down to the Chinese quarter near Glodok Bridge. He went into a chandoo shop and he asked for a man. This man was a Chinaman, and he was so old that people believed him when he said he saw Sir Stamford Raffles in Batavia as governor. His skin was like tinted ivory. He was very, very old.

“This Chinaman had a gift. A strange gift. He could make people afraid. He could frighten them by just looking at them and looking at them. He had no horns like the toad. He just watched and watched you with his eyes that were very black and bright, and presently you began to get frightened of him. You could not tell why. You just began to sweat and feel uncomfortable. That's all. Whenever he was brought to the Landraad, the court for the natives, he would look at the judges and they would get fidgety and look at the ceiling. But presently they would have to look at him again, and they would say to the police to take him away, and the police would push him out on to the Molenvliet. No one knew how he did it. He just put the suggestion into your head and you began to breed fear. *Ja*, breed it! You got as nervous as an old woman, and you could not tell why.

“Castro spoke to this old man in a

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Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1932.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Orr J. Elder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Fulton Oursler, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, William Maurice Flynn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

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O. J. ELDER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1932.
(Seal)

WESLEY F. PAPE.
(My commission expires March 30, 1934.)

dark corner of the chandoo shop. He told him about Finch. And he told him of those beautiful legs that had fooled the tigers. He handed the Chinaman a bag of money, and that same afternoon the old man left for Macassar on the track of the circus to which Finch belonged.

"On the second night that circus played in Macassar the old Chinaman had a front seat. Right up by the ring. He did not open his eyes while the first acts were on, but when Finch came running into the ring he was awake. He was awake a lot. He sat up and his eyes were bright as diamonds. Bright and sharp. They were fixed on that young man like spear points. Up the rope they crept with him when he climbed. They bit at him when he reached the bar and stood there, high above the crowd. Bit at him so hard that Finch began to feel them. *Ja*, he began to feel them! He knew that someone was watching him mighty hard. And it was not the watchfulness of love. Not much. Those eyes were pricking, stinging, tormenting.

"Right in the middle of the act Finch stopped and looked down at the old man. For a half minute the two stared at each other. Stared hard, so that the crowd looked from one to the other and wondered. And the eyes of the Chinaman put something into the head of Finch. A little something. A little seed of fear. It was curious. Very curious. When Finch took his bow he looked again at the Chinaman. And the eyes of that old man spoke to him. They said, 'Some night you will fall from that trapeze and you will break those nice legs of yours so that you will not be able to fool tigers!' That's what they said.

"The next night the old Chink was there in the same place. And that shamanism of his started to work. It started to work well. The belief that Finch would fall went out from him. Not only to the young man, but to the people near him. It was queer. It went out like an invisible force. When Finch looked at the Chinaman the crowd looked at him, and they saw what Finch saw. He was breeding fear. That was what he was doing. A fear with claws on it. Claws that would tear at the confidence of that acrobat. You know that people are killed by hate? *Ja*, they are. Once I read of a man who cornered wheat. His office was on the twentieth floor of a skyscraper in Chicago, and the hate of the millions who suffered came in through the windows. One day he hopped through one of those windows. Hopped through it because the hate of the poor had made hands. Hands that pulled him out into the emptiness. This is a matter that the East knows better than us. Much better. They know the value of concentrated thought.

"That fear created by the old man bubbled in the circus tent. It bubbled around Finch as he shot through the air. He felt it. It was cold and wet like a fog. He tried to laugh at it, but he could not. It fought back at him. It got under his skin. It made him think that the bar was quite some distance from the ground.

"ON the third night the old Chink was in his usual place. And the fear of the house was greater than ever. Fear that Finch would fall. It made that young man's hands clammy. It was not nice to him. He looked down at the fat faces that were like sunflowers, and he saw what was in their minds. Saw it written on their faces. It was horror. He was sweating when he ran out of the ring.

"In his dressing room he became suddenly afraid of the East. It was not England. *Neen*. Macassar was not like London, or Birmingham, or Manchester, or Liverpool. Macassar was strange and snaky and queer. Its atmosphere was bad for Finch. That is what he thought.

"He spoke to the girl. She felt the fear that was on him. She said they would go away. Go away at once. They asked about boats, but there was no sailing for two days. The boss of the circus said he would tear up the contract he had with Finch if Finch would appear for the two nights before the Royal Packet steamer took him to Singapore. The girl objected, but Finch agreed. . . . He did not appear for two nights. He appeared for one."

Jan Kromhout paused. "Great Scott!" I gasped. "I didn't know what—what had made him like that! I saw her wheeling him in the chair along—along Connaught Drive in the evening. I didn't know!"

"They are not in Singapore now," said Kromhout. "For years she worked and nursed him. She nursed him like a mother would nurse a baby. And she worked eighteen hours a day to pay their fare back to London. She wished to take him to a great specialist. There were many rich men that would have paid a lot for a smile from her, but she would not look at anyone. I think she had always dreams of the way he had carried her through the trees of that big house at Weltevreden with the two tigers walking underneath. Women are like that. They remember something that a man has done for them, something that he dared for love of them. It is good for the world that they do. *Ach*, yes! It is fine to think that dollars and gulden and pounds cannot buy love although they might buy bodies. But bodies are nothing! It is love that counts."

"HAVE you heard what the specialist thinks?" I asked.

"*Ja*," snapped Kromhout. "The London doctor thinks he will cure him. He is sure. Some muscles were injured in that fall from the trapeze, but he thinks they will be made like new. I am glad. They were wonderful legs. Always they made me think of that picture in the Rijks-Museum."

We sat in silence. It was a strange story. A score of times I had seen the woman at dusk on the Connaught Drive at Singapore, pushing before her the wheeled chair in which the crippled acrobat sat.

Dimly in that silence I registered the position of the horned toad. The toad had halted before the box that contained the snake who persistently refused to eat. The front of this box was of close-woven wire netting, but the top was a sheet of plain glass through which the naturalist could from time to time observe his fasting captive. And, dimly too, with the thought of Finch and the woman in my mind, I observed that this sheet of glass was moving slightly as if the snake threshing around in his prison disturbed it.

After a long interval I asked a question. "And what happened to Pedro Castro?" I inquired.

"It was funny about Castro," answered Kromhout. "I told you how he lashed one of those tiger keepers on the morning the girl escaped? Well, that same keeper thought one night that Pedro had gone to bed when he hadn't. It was a hot night, and Castro, while smoking his after-dinner cigar in the grounds, had fallen asleep. Funny, wasn't it? All the servants thought that he was in bed and asleep. . . . They beat off those brutes, but Castro died while they were rushing him to the Military Hospital at Weltevreden. They had suspicions about that keeper, but they could do nothing. I think it would have been wise of Castro if he had kept that old Chinaman as a bodyguard. He might have been able to frighten those tigers like the toad frightens the snakes. But— *Now where the hell is that toad?*"

"I saw him in front of the box that contains the green snake," I said. "I saw him there a few minutes ago."

Jan Kromhout was on his feet now. He was moving quickly toward the other end of the room. I saw with some surprise that the green snake was on the floor beside his box. He was coiled gracefully, but there was a very visible bulge in his center that proclaimed the fact that he had recently made a meal.

The Dutch naturalist swore softly as he put the now lethargic reptile back in his box. I was amused. The toad had tried to put the Indian eye on that serpent, but he was ignorant of the fact that the snake had been fasting for seven weeks because he was not permitted to go out and hunt for his own food.

I tried to explain to Kromhout that suggestion doesn't always work, but he told me to go to the devil. He was very angry over the loss of his specimen.

THE END

Unhanged Son

A Short Short Story

By PETER CARTWRIGHT

(Reading time: 5 minutes 31 seconds.)

OLD Jed Cameron sat in his wheel chair on the back veranda of the Horseshoe ranch house, unblinkingly watching the sheriff and his three deputies ride toward him across the wide valley floor. The old cowman's keen blue eyes remained expressionless as the sheriff, a tall man of quick movement, dismounted and from five feet away said, "Howdy, Jed."

"Mornin', sheriff."

"Listen, Jed"—and the sheriff tried to appear casual. "There's no use beating around the bush. We're looking for Cal."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh." The sheriff's stern brown eyes held a troubled look as he suddenly cleared his throat, removed his hat, and ran his fingers through his graying hair. "You know why, of course. Jess Hayden tells me he phoned you yesterday morning about the train holdup and killings over by Burton."

"He phoned me," replied old Jed steadily, "that someone stopped a Missouri Pacific train between Burton and Hamilton. He said they killed the mail clerk and his assistant and got away with twenty thousand dollars."

"Well, it was Cal that did it. And he—"

"Sheriff, I'm straight speakin', too. We need money, I'll admit," Jed said. "And Jess told me that the robber's handkerchief mask slipped and the engineer claimed it was Cal. But, until my boy comes home and admits he did it, I'll think that engineer was either crazy or drunk."

"Yeh? Well, I don't blame you, Jed. But it was Cal, all right. The fireman recognized him, too. Besides, we followed his horse's tracks straight back toward here until we lost them on this side of Bald Knob."

Old Jed's big pale hands suddenly tightened on the wheels of his chair, but he didn't try to rise. For old Jed was paralyzed from the waist down.

The three deputies had remained motionless on their horses. Two were slender, medium-height men; the third, a short stocky fellow, now slowly remarked:

"Listen, sheriff; I'll bet Jed wants a drink."

The sheriff's glance was on old Jed's tongue, which traveled across his lips. The sheriff vaulted on to the veranda. He stepped through the open door back of Jed into a disheveled living room.

The sheriff halted for a moment, looking down at the dusty floor, frowning. In the kitchen he glanced quickly around before he peered into the cupboard; then he closed the cupboard door and came back with a drink of water.

"Listen, Jed. You haven't eaten a thing since Hayden phoned you," he said accusingly.

"No? Well, any time I go without eating—"

"I know what I'm talking about," persisted the sheriff. "There's plenty of cooked stuff in the kitchen, but no wheel tracks between here and there. You came out here right after Jess phoned and told you, and you've been sitting here ever since."

"Ain't that my own business, sheriff?"

"No, it's not—sorry to dispute you, old-timer. While we want Cal and we've got plenty of men surrounding this place so that we're going to have him, we won't have you starving yourself to death. Besides, you're setting out here to warn him."

"Sheriff," said old Jed quietly, "Molly and me had four boys. She's been gone for twenty years. Bill and Sam went to the big war and got killed. Henry come home, but he was dragged to death when his horse fell while he was tryin' to stop a stampede over Bridle Bit way. Those were all honorable deaths, I reckon. Cal's give me trouble, I'll admit. He growed up with different ideas about how easy money ought to be made, and his ideas matured at the wrong time. Because the cowman that's made anything in the last three or four years is a liar; and I ain't. I guess Cal held up that train."

"Then you'll tell us where he is?" hopefully.

"I don't know where he is any more than you do. But he's tryin' to come home, I'm certain. He knows I'm alone and need him. When he comes, if he admits he done it like you say, I'll phone you at Burton. Cal knows this country like you fellers don't. He's seen every one of you before this, I'll gamble. You're just wastin' your time layin' for him."

"You mean he'll never appear while my men are out there in the hills?" asked the sheriff.

"Not while anyone's in miles of here. I'll let you know like I said—case things are like you claim."

The sheriff pondered a moment. "Your word's as good as we need, Jed."

Jed watched the four ride away. He sat there while forenoon became noon, while afternoon came and waned. Then, just as sundown merged toward the velvet of dusk, a figure strode up before the veranda. "Evenin', son," said old Jed.

"Hello, dad. Think I wasn't ever comin' back?"

"I knew you'd be here." Something in old Jed's voice held Cal rigid. "So your handkerchief slipped, did it, son?" asked the old man steadily.

Cal hesitated half a minute, staring. Then he answered as matter-of-factly, "It did, dad. You pretty hungry?"

"I couldn't eat before, and I ain't much hungry now. Step closer, Cal. I want to see you good."

CAL walked closer, but still stood between the red in the west and the old man. Old Jed looked him up and down—only this time his gaze dwelt lovingly instead of accusingly on this stalwart fourth son.

"Let me see your gun a minute, son."

Cal passed his six-shooter across the railing. The old man broke it, squinted through the barrel, examined the chamber. "Yeh, it's been fired twice."

He twirled a shell under the hammer and said to the boy: "You know how your three brothers died, Cal. I've always felt sorry for folks that had a boy hung. I don't know much about prayers, son—never had a great deal of use for them. But you say one, Cal."

Startled, the boy peered through the dusk at his father. Old Jed had raised the gun—was pointing it straight at his son.

"Dad, I reckon you mean it!" Cal lifted his eyes, mumbled awkwardly, "God, forgive me!"

A single spurt of flame. Then in the dusk a quiet figure on the ground before the veranda railing. Slowly old Jed laid the gun on the floor, turned his wheel chair, and rolled himself into the living room, headed toward the phone.

Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Banishing the Dole

Unemployment Insurance One Way of Lessening the Taxpayer's Burden, Says

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York and Democratic Candidate for President

(Reading time: 2 minutes 25 seconds.)

THE nation has a duty toward the human beings who create and support our government. That duty is not fully performed until we supply a cushion against unemployment. That cushion is unemployment insurance.

Unemployment insurance is no cure-all for depression. It cannot prevent the recurrence of industrial crisis. It is no panacea for human misery. But it softens the shock. It is a life belt for those who are swept overboard.

At the beginning of 1931 I called a conference of governors to consider the problem. Unemployment insurance, the remedy they suggested, is not a radical or socialistic experiment. It is dangerous or unfair neither to employer nor employee. The adequate and detailed plan proposed by the conference should be translated into law as soon as legislative bodies can be persuaded to act.

The plan imposes upon every employer of six or more persons the duty of laying aside an amount equal to two per cent of his pay roll until the reserve fund thus created totals fifty dollars for each employee. Thereafter he contributes one per cent until the total for each employee reaches seventy-five dollars. Then his contribution ceases.

The pool thus created is intended to give those who are laid off a maximum benefit of not more than ten dollars a week, or half his wage, whichever is lower, for a maximum period of ten weeks within any twelve months.

The plan provides for an Unemployment Administration in every city, consisting of three members representing labor, industry, and the public. The individual states are called upon to extend their public-employment-office service.

Where no such service exists, they are to create a scientific system of employment exchanges.

One of the functions of the Unemployment Administration would be to encourage coöperation between individual firms and the industry of which they are a part. No industry can be stabilized effectively by a single firm, however large. Collective effort is the magic key to success.

The foregoing plan does not at first envisage any contribution from the employee. In times like the present such a contribution would thrust upon him an undue hardship. But when the insurance plan is established and conditions of employment are more stable, the employees themselves should also bear a proportionate share of the burden. The self-respect of the American worker will insist upon this.

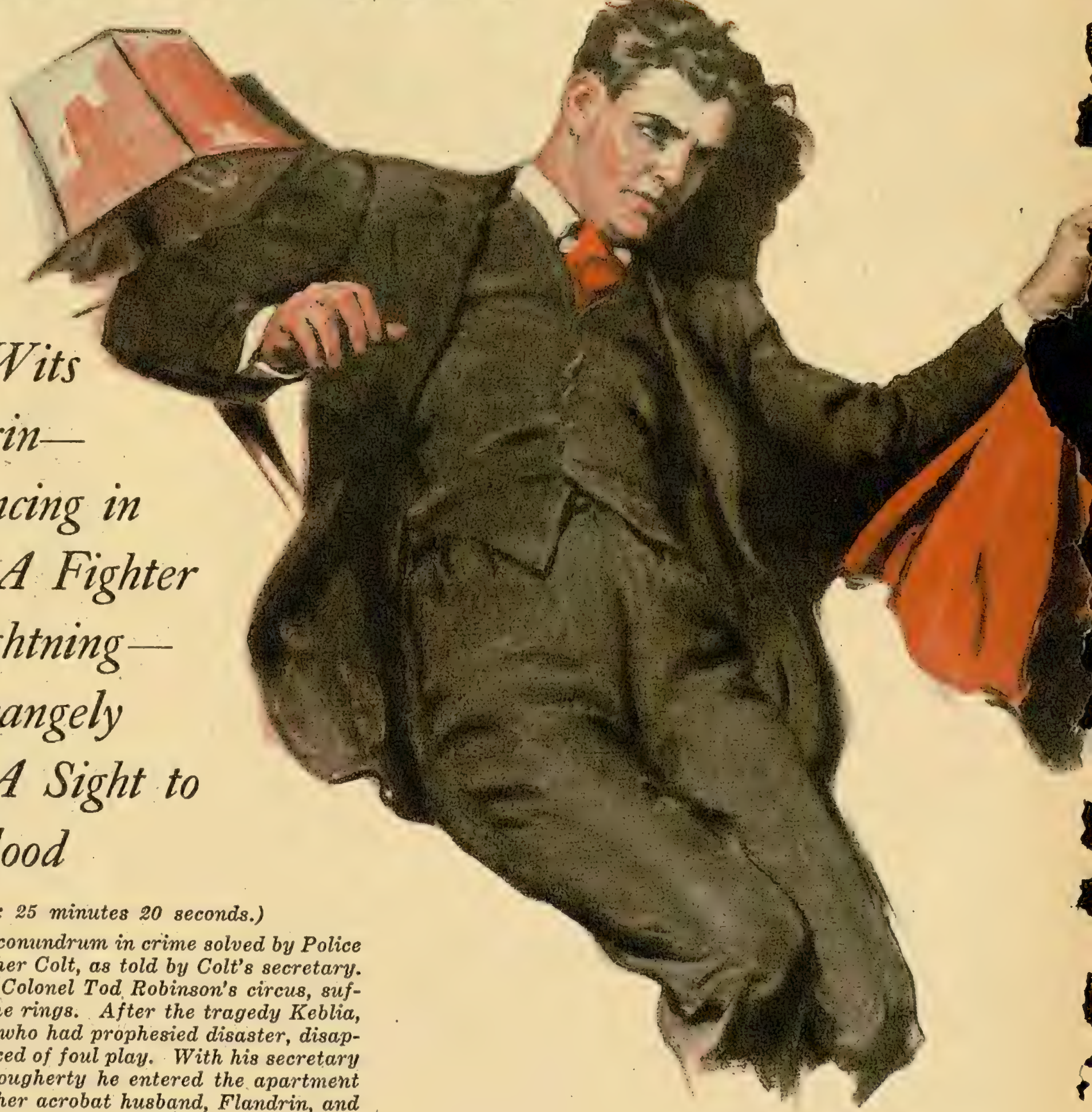
Few people visualize that every dollar the government spends comes out of the taxpayer's pocket. Every taxpayer pays for emergency relief in one form or another, whether he likes it or not, as society is now constituted.

Unemployment insurance lightens the taxpayer's load and takes from the worker's back the nightmare of starvation. It banishes the shadow of the dole.

Franklin D Roosevelt

About the Murder *of* CIRCUS QUEEN

By ANTHONY ABBOT



Matching Wits with Flandrin—Images Dancing in the Dark—A Fighter Fast as Lightning—Motives Strangely Tangled —A Sight to Chill the Blood

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is the story of a conundrum in crime solved by Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt, as told by Colt's secretary. Josie La Tour, queen of Colonel Tod Robinson's circus, suffered a fatal fall from the rings. After the tragedy Keblia, the Ubangi witch doctor who had prophesied disaster, disappeared. Colt was convinced of foul play. With his secretary and District Attorney Dougherty he entered the apartment Josie had occupied with her acrobat husband, Flandrin, and found evidence of a violent struggle. When Flandrin came in, later, Colt tried to draw from him, diplomatically, some hint of the truth, and finally asked him the hypothetical question: "What would you have done had Josie La Tour betrayed you?"

PART SIX—ONE MYSTERY LEADS TO ANOTHER

DARKLY and unflinchingly the acrobat looked into the eyes of the Police Commissioner.

"I would have killed her," he said; and then, the flush deepening on his face, he added: "But I would have killed her with my bare hands—I would not have sneaked up in the dark and done it!"

"And would you then," Colt asked in a soothing voice, "having killed your wife, give yourself up to the authorities?"

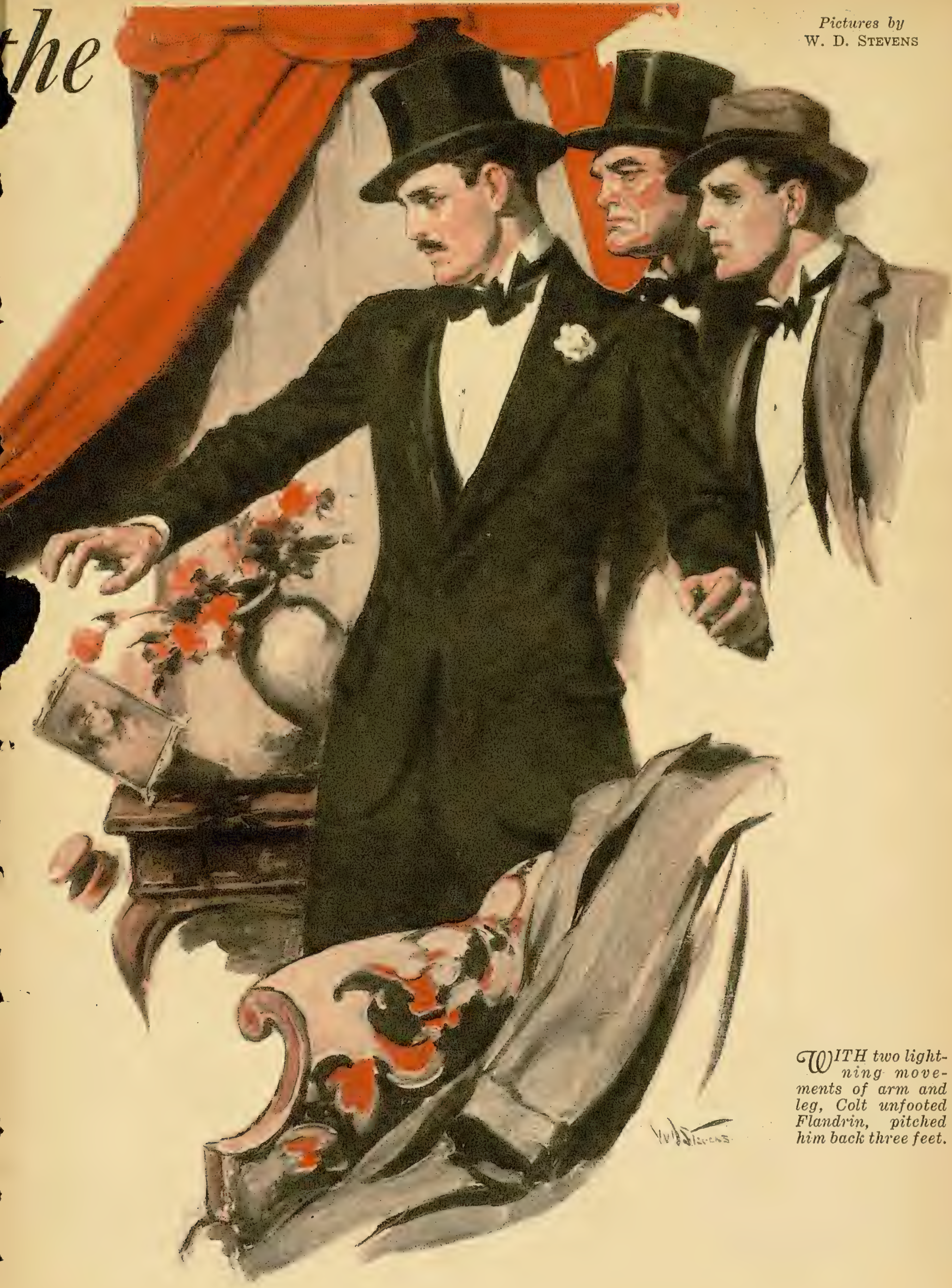
"No," replied Flandrin promptly. "Why should I?"

Dougherty had risen and was standing behind Colt as the two men looked into the defiant face.

"Then," charged Colt, "having made these admissions,

the

Pictures by
W. D. Stevens



With two lightning movements of arm and leg, Colt unfooted Flandrin, pitched him back three feet.

you will also admit that if we could prove you did know that your wife was guilty of having a lover, we would then be in a fair way to show that you yourself were her murderer."

Flandrin folded his arms and briefly smiled.

" By no means," he countered. " You would then have to prove opportunity and method. If I were guilty, Mr. Colt, I would fight you to the last. And while it would be but poor sport for a simple-minded acrobat like myself to pit wits against the giant brain of the Police Commissioner of New York City, nevertheless I would fight you to the last inch."

An extraordinary change had come over the man. It was as if Colt had thrown down a challenge which the circus performer had been quick to snatch up. There was egotism and the full defiance of vanity in his attitude. He seemed to cast off his grief as a burdensome weight and leap into the contest with a sense of unfettered relief. If ever animosity glowed in a man's face, it was Flandrin's.

" Now, further," said the acrobat, " in spite of the fact that I have lost my wife in a sudden tragedy, I have tried to meet you halfway. What more do you want? I will do everything you ask me to—but let's get it over with! "

" My dear Flandrin," Colt replied with a patient sigh, " I shall probably be here for hours yet. I shall examine your papers and I shall ask you more questions. If you don't wish to coöperate, I shall lock you up."

As if expecting no reply, the Police Commissioner resumed that familiar prowl of his around the scene of a crime. From etchings to magazines he roamed; he studied furniture and curtains.

Finally at a little shelf he paused, bent down, and lifted a boxlike leather case and handle. " What is this? " he asked.

Flandrin's eyes narrowed.

" That is our home moving-picture camera," he explained. " I gave it to La Tour on her birthday."

" Do you have a projector as well? "

" And the latest patent screen," replied Flandrin quickly. There was a pathetic pride of possession in the quick glance he gave the Commissioner.

" And you have taken pictures with it? " pursued Colt.

" Not very many films so far—we haven't had time."

" The films you did take are here? "

Flandrin regarded Thatcher Colt steadily. He seemed to be struggling with some mental enigma. I found myself also wondering—surely Colt did not mean to suggest that these pictures now be exhibited! It seemed a callous, cruel, unnecessary performance. There were no reels of Josie's fatal five seconds on the Roman rings. What purpose could be served by any other pictures?

Nevertheless the exhibition of those motion pictures was the precise object of Colt's questions.

" I should like to see them now. Mind? "

With an unhappy shrug of his shoulders, Flandrin at once made ready to comply.

THE patent screen, that rolled into a long box but could be set erect and rigid with one movement of the hand, was put in position on a small table at one end of the living room. A small stand was pulled out from the wall for the projector, connected with a floor plug, while a small reel of narrow celluloid was clamped in place. Presently the lights were extinguished, and in the darkness of the living room the reel began to unwind. It was a bizarre moment—we were to watch the pictured image of that vital and buoyant La Tour whose life had ended before our eyes.

The picture which now began to pass before us had been taken on the circus lot while the big show was on tour the previous season. We saw the long train—six sections, one hundred and two cars—steaming into a small town; then the canvasjacks and the razorbacks unloading tents, boxes, horses, and animal cages; we saw the big-top and seat and plank crews building a tented city out of confusion and chaos. Then came more intimate glimpses. First, of La Tour's friends. Sebastian, the male star of the circus, in his practice clothes, bowed and smirked into the camera.

" Was he jealous of your wife's fame? " asked Colt.

Flandrin made a derisive sound in his throat.

" Not Sebastian," he declared. " He considered himself so far above La Tour that it would degrade him to be jealous of her. Of course that was nonsense. She was immeasurably superior to him. But he would never acknowledge that—he was king of all the performers, and she was only the queen."

Meanwhile the picture of Sebastian had been followed by one of Flandrin cavorting on the screen, leaping and performing various feats of strength and agility. I remembered again the old department admonition that to understand a crime one must know its background. So I was not surprised when Colt continued to ask questions about matters back stage.

" Of whom, then, is Sebastian jealous? " he persisted.

FLANDRIN grunted in that curious guttural that foreigners use with all manner of nuances and which is so curiously akin to the emotional expression of the American Indians. " I don't think he is jealous of anyone," he replied. " He has no reason to be—yet."

" Yet? " repeated Colt.

" Oh, well, Sebastian is getting old; I am much younger. You see, La Tour and I had our dreams—they will never be realized now. But La Tour had a private ambition. Some day I would be able to do the double twist—and then, while La Tour would still be queen, I might be king."

Colt seemed satisfied. But he was more thoughtful as he leaned forward, concentrating his attention on the dancing images on the mottled screen. We watched Flandrin attempt the double twist and fall. Then we saw Eddie Stevens, the property man, appear on the silver sheet. Sebastian gave him a glance and they exchanged a few words. Colt, to the amazement of Flandrin, translated their conversation; lip reading was one of the Police Commissioner's most valuable accomplishments.

" Sebastian has just reprimanded Eddie Stevens—told him to be more careful in looking after the equipment."

" That was Eddie's one fault," confirmed Flandrin. " But he was as devoted as a dog to La Tour. Once she had saved his life during a tornado in Kansas. After that he would have died for her. I say that, although I admit," added Flandrin in a hollow voice, " that if Eddie had been on the job tonight he might have broken her fall. But I am sure he did not turn his back on purpose. I have never known Eddie Stevens to tell a lie," urged Flandrin, warming to his defense. " Eddie is one of the most trustworthy men I know. I think you can absolutely dismiss him from your investigations."

To this Colt made no reply. On the screen a new and instantly recognized character had appeared — Isabel Chant, the maid, parading into the ring and smiling with a condescending air at the camera.

" How long have you known this woman? " inquired Thatcher Colt.

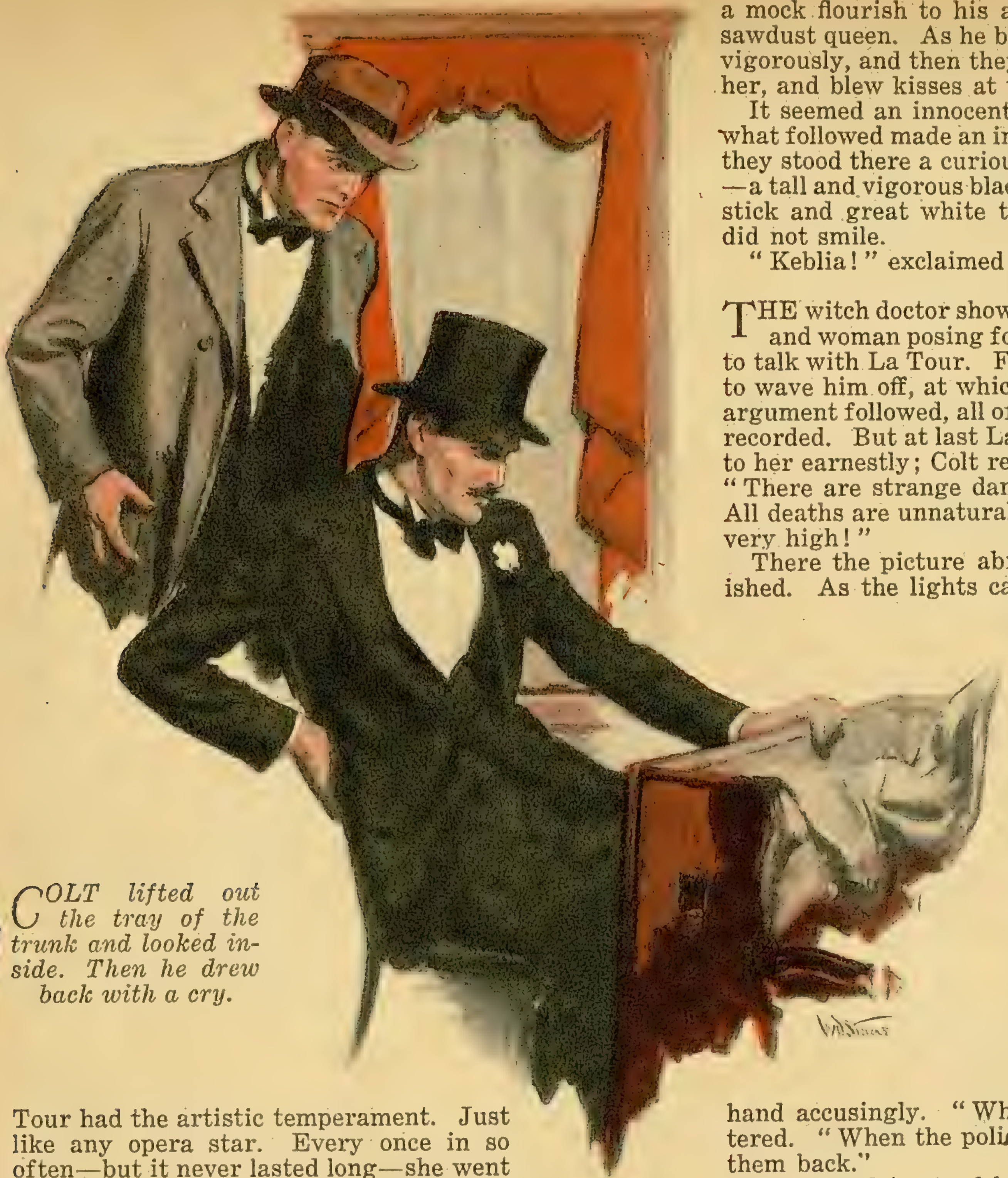
" She was with my wife before our marriage."

" Know anything about her background? "

" *Do* I? " snapped Flandrin resentfully. " We heard so much about it that we got tired. You see, Isabel was once a gentlewoman, or so she says. She considers herself far above her station in life now. She's a cranky woman—bitter, too."

This opinion was immediately confirmed by a little comedy that now appeared on the screen. Suddenly Josie La Tour appeared, coming out of a tent and approaching a practice rigging beside which stood Isabel Chant and Eddie Stevens. The shock of seeing the image of the living La Tour was instantly obliterated by our interest in the circus star's extraordinary behavior. La Tour was in a livid and passionate rage as she turned to her two employees, hand lifted as if aching for a whip.

" Don't mind any of this," murmured Flandrin. " La



COLT lifted out the tray of the trunk and looked inside. Then he drew back with a cry.

Tour had the artistic temperament. Just like any opera star. Every once in so often—but it never lasted long—she went into little pets like this. I took this picture when she didn't know I was near."

Flandrin called it a "little pet"; but I do not remember ever having seen such a consuming, boiling, ferocious rage in any other human being. Her anger had been aroused by the condition of some of the apparatus. From her gestures, it seemed as if she were calling Isabel's and Eddie's attention to a loose bolt. She reached forward, slapped the maid in the face, seized Eddie by the shoulders, and her small fingers clawed visibly into the man's thin neck. It actually seemed as if she would choke the fellow to death, there and then, in front of the camera. Then she looked toward the lens, discovered that she was being observed, and let out a flogging oath. The picture suddenly went blank. Flandrin had photographed no more of his wife's temper.

"LA TOUR always used to laugh at that picture," the husband explained. "It showed herself to herself. She refused to let me destroy it. Of course she was terribly sorry, and Isabel and Eddie understood perfectly."

I wondered! For the thing that had struck me—and Colt too, I felt sure—was the look on the face of Isabel Chant. If the mistress was angered, so was the maid. The former gentlewoman had taken the abuse of the circus acrobat with deadly bad grace.

Meanwhile the scene had completely changed. Now we saw a panorama of people—the complete crew of the show, from the cook-house flunkeys and the boss canvasjack to the principal performers. Then came Flandreau practicing tumbling feats on the ground, while Josie stood beside him, her bright face eager, lighted with interest and approval, her small hands clapping. As Flandreau rose from a particularly difficult tumbling feat, he made a mock flourish to his audience, composed solely of the sawdust queen. As he bowed, Josie applauded even more vigorously, and then they stood together, his arm around her, and blew kisses at the camera.

It seemed an innocent and playful exhibition, and yet what followed made an indelible mark on my memory. As they stood there a curious creature crept into the picture—a tall and vigorous black man with monocle and walking stick and great white teeth that showed even when he did not smile.

"Keblia!" exclaimed Dougherty quickly.

THE witch doctor showed a childlike interest in the man and woman posing for the camera. He seemed to wish to talk with La Tour. Flandreau tried to shoo him away, to wave him off, at which Keblia became indignant. An argument followed, all of which the camera had faithfully recorded. But at last La Tour listened, and Keblia spoke to her earnestly; Colt read his lips and translated aloud: "There are strange dangers. Be careful every minute. All deaths are unnatural. Look high! The guilty one is very high!"

There the picture abruptly ended. The reel was finished. As the lights came up my eyes met the somber glance of Thatcher Colt. His gaze was deeply thoughtful.

"Well, I certainly got something from that," sighed Dougherty, rising restlessly. "We are not wasting our time. Perhaps I should take those reels with me."

At the District Attorney's proposal, a dangerous flush crossed the strained features of Flandrin.

"What for?" he demanded. "These are only trivial souvenirs, but they mean a great deal to me. Why should I lose them? Why should the police have them? What good are they to you?"

Dougherty waved one beefy hand accusingly. "Why should you object?" he countered. "When the police are through, then you will get them back."

But Flandrin stood his ground.

"The films can be of no possible use to the police; but to me they are sacred. I do not wish them used for such a purpose."

Dougherty's eyes rolled ominously; the District Attorney was growing angry, and a hot-spur flush was spilling across his vast jowls.

"Flandrin," he grated, "you might as well know now that I consider your behavior most suspicious!"

The acrobat's eyes closed quickly; then Flandrin suddenly shook a balled fist in the District Attorney's face.

"I am through!" cried the acrobat shrilly. "I am going to throw all of you out in the street."

And wheeling with sudden violence, Flandrin sprang like a panther upon Thatcher Colt. There was a short, violent struggle. Flandrin's arm shot out as if with one blow he would destroy his tormentor—a driving, murderous thrust. But Colt's left hand easily shunted away the blow. With two lightning movements of arm and leg, Colt unfooted Flandrin, pitched him backward three feet, and threw him into a collapsed heap on the floor. Dougherty and I sprang forward; but Colt, whose athletic prowess at the Police Academy is a legend, waved us back.

"Not necessary," he said quietly. "Flandrin is a very strong man and very excitable. But he has never been taught self-defense as we teach and practice it down in Center Street. Get up, Flandrin, and act like a man! If you are innocent you will not prove it that way."

With a swift movement Flandrin got to his feet.

"I lost my head!" he confessed. "And I had sworn to myself I would not do that. But who can blame me—when every word you say is as if you accused me of killing my wife!"

His voice had risen to a shrill cry.

"I did not hurt her!" he cried aloud. "I loved her, and all I want now is to be alone with her!"

"Alone!" gasped District Attorney Dougherty. "Thatcher, if I can be alone with this man and question him, I am certain he will tell me the truth."

The odd request seemed to strike Colt as an admirable one. It was evident to us all that Flandrin's nerve was breaking.

"Why not try the kitchen?" he suggested. "That will leave the rest of the rooms for Tony and me to search through."

Drawing Colt aside, Dougherty delivered a private monologue in a deep, rumbling undertone. To all that the District Attorney told him Thatcher Colt nodded tacit concurrence.

THE BIG
SHOW

And presently Dougherty led the graceful and athletic Flandrin into the kitchen and closed the door.

I looked at Colt with some surprise. Why did he not question Flandrin himself? There was a distant twinkle in Colt's eyes as he said:

"Tony, we have something more important to do than to try to get a story from a fellow who, in spite of everything, will not tell what he means to keep to himself. Flandrin is no fool and the D. A. will soon find that out; while you and I, Tony—"

The Commissioner winked good-humoredly and turned back to the desk, off again on a concentrated search of the papers and other small properties of Josie La Tour.

"It is a remarkable fancy," he continued, opening one drawer after another in a small cabinet and quickly appraising their contents, "but did you notice the naïvely earnest peal in Flandrin's voice when he bragged how he loved his wife? He was enraged then, and hence worth listening to. Benvenuto Cellini once said that the prophecies uttered by a man in anger are truly the voice of God. Get your notebook, Tony."

As I produced a fresh one, Colt led the way to the bedroom. With mathematical precision he began his investigation here, mentally partitioning the cubicle into sections and himself going over every inch of bureau, dresser, and clothes closets, every little dainty feminine box and appurtenance, all the equipment of Josie's boudoir. And as he touched, fleetingly but long enough for swift appraisal, the various objects in the room, he discussed the case in a low, intense voice that might have been the voice of his subconscious.

This was one of the truly remarkable accomplishments of Thatcher Colt. While his eyes, his fingers, his very nostrils sought for clues, another part of his mind could rehearse all that had gone before, index it, correlate it, add it up and try to find a total, all independent of his simultaneous concentration in observing the signs before him.

THUS it was as if there were in the room not one Thatcher Colt but two—the man who pried all about him for evidence, and the other who considered the evidence and testimony already obtained. His eyes and hands groped through a box of colored odds and ends of ribbons and threads in the right-hand upper drawer of the dead star's bureau.

"Unless we know all about this woman," he told me, "and all about her life and loves, I do not know how we are to find the roots. At the moment this seems to be a crime of unfathomable malignity."

He closed the bureau drawer and passed to the mantelpiece. There he dawdled among many loose odds and ends—advertising pamphlets, a traveling clock that had stopped, and some loose silver coins.

"We may as well admit from the start that it looks bad for Flandrin. The man had many motives to kill his wife—I am almost tempted to say too many. And yet, consider what curious motives may exist in the *terra incognita* of the circus. Certain of them are already clear. We know that Flandrin was jealous of his wife—it is in his very voice when he mentions her name. Perhaps he most likely had more cause for his jealousy than he is willing to admit—and because of the very clannishness of the circus it is going to be very hard to get anyone to talk about that.

"Flandrin is a man of furious temper. If Josie were faithless to him, that might be motive enough without looking further. But we have to look further—and when we do we find a second motive that directly contradicts the first—the two are frankly intransigent. If Flandrin was still in love with his first wife, then it was not for jealousy of Josie that he killed, but in order to get back to Flora. Both motives would hardly be present in the same man. Let's hope Dougherty breaks something on that. On the other hand, Flandrin may well have been jealous of Josie's superiority as a performer and a box-office attraction. He was successful in his own right, but did you notice how ardently he had been working to attain that double-twist trick? Why? To be more important than his wife?

"Then again, he might have become fed up with La Tour's explosive temper. Forging still farther on, we come to an additional motive for Flandrin—the life insurance! It may not have been the main cause. But it may well have been a contributing cause. He was in financial straits. There was a way out. Then, of course, comes the question which we cannot answer as yet: Was he himself in love with someone else—not his first wife, but some charmer of whom we know nothing whatever? It is a possibility always present in such cases.

"So Flandrin had motives. Did he have the opportunity? We know that he did. The woman was in some way drugged. It is taking a long time for Dr. Multooler to find out what chemical was used. But when we do know that we can go forward a little faster. Meanwhile we do know that Flandrin was a student of chemistry; he knows poisons. Dougherty certainly pointed out his opportunity."

"BUT how," I interposed, "did he know she would fall from the rings?"

From the mantelpiece Colt turned toward me, his eyes luminous. "Tonight was not the first night she fell," he reminded me. "It happened every once in so often. Flandrin always stood at the performers' entrance, watching his wife's act. Josie and Flandrin, in fact, watched each other's act. Now, can't you fancy a state of mind of Flandrin in which he could wait, night after night, biding his time, until she fell—and always being prepared for that fall with a poisoned preparation in some form, ready for the emergency? That it happened on the very first night of the new season might only be his good luck—even though it is Friday the thirteenth!"

Colt turned his back on the mantelpiece.

"We have to consider all these possibilities," he pointed out, "although I scarcely credit them. I watched La Tour's face on the rings and I still believe she got her deathblow there. I have even considered the theory that the poison might have been injected into the resin which she rubbed on her hands just before she climbed up her rope. If that resin turns out to be poisoned, the knottiest tangle in this whole problem will be solved."

Now Colt was at the twin beds with their lovely golden coverings with rope-tasseled ends. Slowly and methodically he began removing the bedcoverings; nor did he desist until the mattress and box springs were on the floor and the skeletons of the beds lay spread exposed and naked. There was nothing in particular that the Commissioner sought. He was simply following the one technique in which he reposed a faith that was almost religious—patience, industry, perseverance, the method of endlessly searching for the one vital and revealing clue.

As he studied the separated parts of those beds his voice marched on: "But there are other suspects. Take the case of the two doctors. Either one of them had the opportunity to poison her. They both are acquainted with deadly poisons—the circus physician not so intimately; but think of Dr. Charavay, who brought the Ubangi duck-billed gals over here. Charavay was a specialist in tropical diseases, medicines and poisons, before he ever thought of exploiting those poor black people and bringing them over here like a lot of slaves. Certainly Dr. Charavay knew enough about poisons to pick an effective one for Josie, if he wished to do so. Or he could help someone else. But why?"

Colt was through with the beds. He put them carefully back into position, and then made them up again, with sheets, blankets, and silken coverings, performing this domestic feat with the neatness and dispatch of a practiced housekeeper. Next the Commissioner turned to a cedar chest under the bed. He rolled it out into the open, threw up the lid, and began removing garments in armfuls.

"And again," he resumed, "look at Flandreau. It is apparent that Flandreau was in love with Josie—in fact, he loved her first and Flandrin cut him out. And we know that Flandreau is always playing second fiddle to a stranger. Flandrin is his boss; he is more gifted and handsomer. Just as Flandrin may have been jealous of his own wife's success, so Flandreau may be jealous, too, both in love and in work. Remember that it is a difficult, unreal background that we have to understand in this crime. Robinson will not admit to outsiders that such jealousies exist in the circus, but they do. Yet why, if he was jealous of Flandrin, should Flandreau kill the other's wife? Is it because he loved Josie and she would not have him? Again, if it is Flandrin he wishes to injure, what greater harm could be done to Flandrin than to kill the thing he loves the most? It is a fiendish kind of cruelty to assume, but we have to face the possibilities."

I was jotting down all these comments. As I looked up now, Colt was dejectedly but neatly returning all the garments into the cedar chest. Once more he had drawn a blank, and he had begun to look disheartened.

"THERE must be something here that will point the way," he complained, with a melancholy sweep of his eyes around the walls. "Next let's have a try at this chest for a man's clothing."

Drawer after drawer slid out into his hands as he studied Flandrin's handkerchiefs, ties, collars, underwear, and shirts. At each heap he looked with attention, neglecting not even the laundry marks.

"Meanwhile," he resumed, "there is the curious personality of Isabel Chant. From all accounts, she must have lived a dog's life. It is possible to conceive that she had a motive in the accumulated hatred of seasons spent in the service of a female martinet. I have heard it said that four times a day regularly, for years, Isabel had been discharged. She had been bullied, ragged, and picked on. The public legend was that they loved each other like mother and daughter. Maybe they fought as only people who love and understand each other can sometimes fight. But if I am any judge of character, Isabel Chant in her heart of hearts decidedly hated and detested Josie La Tour. Remem-

"Beautiful face, nice hair but... she has TARNISHED TEETH ...You don't want to meet her"

THEY OUGHT TO SEE HER TEETH NOW

... since she discovered this way that dissolves stains ... Teeth Whiten Up Almost Overnight

SHE wanted to hide somewhere and cry her eyes out. It was always the same. Everything lovely until she smiled and then her tarnished teeth betrayed her. No one ever gave their teeth more care. She brushed and brushed. She tried this preparation and that one before she discovered how easy it really is to make teeth white. It's just a case of knowing how. They ought to see her teeth now.

Perhaps you are one of those who have come to believe your teeth are naturally ugly and tarnished. If so, throw out old-fashioned ways of brushing and give your teeth this care.

Start using Kolynos, a new-type, utterly different dental cream that obtains results impossible before.

You can feel its cool, refreshing foam surging into every crevice of your mouth. This foam—antiseptic and of greater cleansing strength than anything you've ever used—literally dissolves away all traces of tartar and stain. It kills millions of germs that are the known source of most tooth and gum troubles. Gently it polishes the tooth enamel and gives it lustre.

Thus, in an unbelievably short time teeth are cleaner and whiter than you ever expected they would be. Your mouth and breath are sweet and refreshed. Your gums look healthier.

Now give up old-fashioned ways of brushing that haven't helped the appearance of your teeth a bit and start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. In just a few days you'll discover that it is the most effective dental cream you've ever used. Your teeth will be white and attractive. Try it. Buy a tube today.

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Located in a delightful section which retains traditional dignity and quiet charm. Here is every provision for comfort. Solarium, roof garden, lounge, library, recreation rooms and entertainment

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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You get 'em by selling Liberty magazines. And it's so easy. So easy to win the prizes every fellow longs for . . . from ice skates to fountain pens with athletic equipment galore included. Oh, you just *have to see* our prize catalog — chock-full of more than 400 prizes Liberty boys get free!

And besides, there's money to be earned selling Liberty — gobs and gobs of it. Spend it or save it, as you wish *(save preferably)*. But it's yours! You can't afford *not to* send us that coupon below, and learn the full details, of how to become a Liberty Boy Salesman. You'll also get that whiz of a catalog. *Act Now!*

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Have your parents show approval by signing here:

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ber that she was a woman born well above such a station. She considers herself a lady but she is looked down upon as a servant. She may have a delusion of persecution.

"And don't forget that Isabel was the first to see the mud image with the needle stuck through it hanging over the door of La Tour's dressing room. Remember that Eddie Stevens said she put it there, and that she straightway tried to divert suspicion to the Ubangis."

Colt closed the drawers of the cabinet with a slight bang of impatience. Next opening the door of a closet, he began to explore its contents; his voice came to me muffled from the depths of the cupboard:

"I have certainly not absolved certain other suspects, either. There is the ineffable Signor Sebastian, for example. I am not sure what his motive could be—unless to get rid of a professional rival. I do not know what his opportunity was. But he exudes too much good will to please me. I have taken a dislike for him—so deep that I find myself wishing he were the murderer. Yet why should he kill her? And how could he do it? He was on his perch high in the air and more than a hundred yards away when she fell."

A GRUNT came from the closet. Colt had found a trunk and was dragging it toilsomely out into the light. It was what was known as a circus special trunk of a variety now somewhat outdated—a boxlike affair about forty inches long, twenty inches wide, and thirty inches deep, built of three-ply veneer and covered with oil-painted canvas finished in black and a bright-red Japanese lacquer. The bottom was covered with galvanized iron.

Colt lifted the lid, disclosing a tray filled with papers, old letters, books, boxes tied with ribbons, a hodgepodge of personal souvenirs.

Drawing up a chair, the Commissioner sat down before the trunk with an interested air and began going through each separate piece meticulously.

"Anyway," Colt resumed, "we shall keep the Signor Sebastian in mind. He is a remote possibility. We then pass on to the case of Eddie Stevens. I have felt, from the very first, that his actions were suspicious. Yet this was a crime of ingenuity, of cunning, of decision. That little man has none of those bold qualities. On the other hand, it was Eddie Stevens who pulled down the first mud image, and seemed suspiciously eager to make us believe Isabel hung it over La Tour's door. But where could Stevens get a mysterious drug? How did he use it? And why? Until we can answer those questions it will be hard to get an indictment against Eddie."

HERE Colt lifted a heap of notes in his hands and grunted with disfavor. "Love notes from Marburg Lovell to Josie La Tour!" he exclaimed. "How could such a woman—if she loved her husband—save the letters of this unsavory millionaire?"

I looked up quickly.

"I hate to suggest it, chief," I remarked; "but could she have blackmailed—"

"No. Most likely vanity—for the scrapbook." Colt smiled. "But we do have to take into account that Lovell was not so far away from her himself, and that if she were blackmailing him he might be angry enough to get rid of her—and shrewd enough to do it so cleverly that he could not be detected." And after a moment he added: "And Flandrin's former wife wasn't altogether disinterested, either!"

With a sigh, Colt now lifted out the tray of the trunk and looked inside. Then he drew back with a cry.

Hunched in the trunk, crammed down in a grotesque position, was a human body!

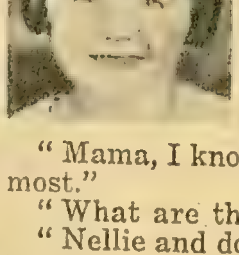
It was a dark, contorted body, and quite dead. The face looked up at us with a sleepy and lidless stare, the teeth parted in a smile.

It was Keblia, witch doctor of the Ubangis—and his throat had been cut from ear to ear!

Did the same fiendish killer slay both Keblia and Josie La Tour? In next week's installment you'll watch Thatcher Colt try to fit together the pieces of this tragic puzzle.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



Experience's Sad Lesson

NELLIE was an interested listener while we were discussing which words in the English language were used most. After a few minutes she said:

"Mama, I know which words are used most."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Nellie and don't," she replied.—Mrs. L. W. Moore, Erwin, N. C.

Dizzy Sense of Power

CAROL had whirled round and round on her toes until she became dizzy and fell to the floor.

Turning to her mother, who was sewing near by, she exclaimed:

"Don't be afraid, mother. It's me making the house go round."—Mrs. A. H. Schumacher, 4835 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

A Few Hints on Navigation

By

DR. SEUSS

"This Image is no longer available"

"This Image is no longer available"

A BOON FOR THE MAROONED

"HOWEVER do you while away time when shipwrecked?" I often ask sailors. The usual answer is, "Playing jackknife." The trouble is, the average desert isle being solid rock, the knife soon wears out. Mariners may now rejoice. With a Bernstein Emergency Soil Satchel in his kit, a sailor can now play *ad infinitum*.

SEA TRAVEL FOR ALL!

THOSE who cannot afford steamship fare will cheer to learn that Fishback Navigation is now perfected. On twin saddled smelts, O. Ogilvie last week ended a cruise that almost encircled the globe. "I'd have gone *all* around," sighs Ogilvie, "if I'd kept clear of the Erie Canal. The fresh water simply knocked my salt-water mounts for a loop."

"This Image is no longer available"

AN UNSUNG PIONEER

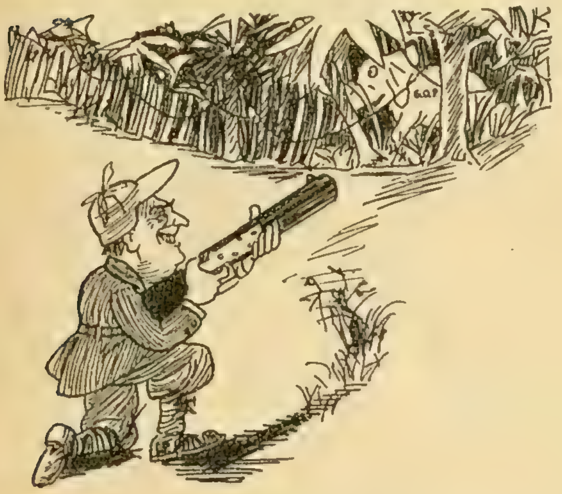
LIKE thimbles and other simple things, oarlocks are taken too much for granted. "Oh, oarlocks," you say; "there have *always* been oarlocks." This attitude maligns the memory of a great genius, Chief Standing Herring. Standing Herring not only invented the oarlock, but he invented one that couldn't fall overboard. (His papoose, Sitting Herring, incidentally, was the world's first coxswain.)

Vox

A Debate About an Article Turns into One About a Candidate

New York, N. Y.—" Wives of Great Men," by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, was one of the sanest, most penetrating articles I've read in the last year. Mrs. Roosevelt is well fitted to write about wives of great men. She is the wife of a great man herself.

More and more it becomes apparent that her husband, out big-game hunting for the Republican elephant, will prove a successful hunter. He's going to wound that elephant so severely that the big brute won't be able to stagger to his feet for at least four years—probably longer. And the weapon he's going to do it with is the big-game gun of citizens' votes.—*J. Wilson.*



Philadelphia, Pa.—Why in the world did you publish that article by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, called " Wives of Great Men "?

If Mrs. Roosevelt thinks that she will soon be in the position of being the wife of a great man in the White House, I'm afraid she is doomed to disappointment. It's a safe bet that Mrs. Hoover will continue to be First Lady of the land.—*A Republican.*

Long Beach, Calif.—Thanks for your article by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Here's hoping her husband's address will soon be The White House, Washington, D. C.

Wall Street is 100 per cent Hoover. Hoover is 100 per cent Wall Street. The workingman and the 10,000,000 other kind should be 100 per cent Roosevelt.

A sensible canary would *not* vote for a cat!—*Gladys Mayton.*

Milwaukee, Wis.—I read Liberty from cover to cover, including the articles by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Did I say articles? Perhaps I should have said advertisements. No, that would never do, because you pay him for the space he uses while your advertisers pay you.

But take it as you may, His Excellency is advertising Franklin D. Roosevelt. In his earlier articles he was governor of New York; now he adds that he is the Democratic Presidential nominee.

Roosevelt certainly is a genius for publicity. He gets paid for letting the readers know that he has a solution for all our political and social enigmas. No, he is not a genius—he is a double genius.

No, sir, these advertisements don't " click " with this Liberty reader. He prefers an orphan who is able to make an engineer out of himself and does not have an influential background, nor the ability to solve all problems, and who is not a double genius when it comes to publicity.—*C. V. Wick Salomon.*

C. V. Wick Salomon

New Orleans, La.—What this country needs is more men of intelligence, breeding, character, and driving force who are willing to go into politics. Few men of this sort are in this so-called " dirty game." Franklin D. Roosevelt is one of the shining few!—*Bob.*

Yes, the Only Example of Perfection Is the Perfect Fool

New Haven, Conn.—The clever man is the man who realizes that he's not perfect and is willing to learn from other men.

Likewise the clever nation is the nation that realizes it has not attained the ultimate in wisdom and efficiency and is willing to learn from other countries.

That is why Diana Bourbon's article, " Things We Might Learn from the French! " was such a helpful piece of writing. If we Americans will stop taking the attitude that we're perfect, and will take over a few ideas and methods from France, we'll be better off, and happier.

Such an article should not make us resentful, but very, very grateful.—*M. Davis.*

From a Young Man with Ideas

Morgantown, Ky.—Long have I been a reader of Liberty, although I am only in my sixteenth year. So I offer some suggestions.

1. Give us more stories by Philip Wylie.
2. Let us have more covers by B. McCowen.
3. Get dry.

Your editorials are good when you don't talk about the Eighteenth Amendment. I think the series by Lowell Thomas is the best thing you have had in years.

L. E. Hurt, Jr.

As a whole your magazine can be summed up in one word. And that one word is " corking."—*L. E. Hurt, Jr.*

" Hurrah for the Farmer! "

Chicago, Ill.—Liberty seems to have a vast fund of sympathy for those who make their living from the land and those who go back to the land after failing to make a living in the city.

Your attitude toward the farmer, as expressed in your editorial, " Hurrah for the Farmer! " and your enthusiasm for the back-to-the-soil movement, as expressed in your frequent articles on this subject, are enlightening, constructive, and informative. Keep up the good work!—*J. J. T.*

One Man's Hot Story Is Another Man's Cold Flop

New York, N. Y.—I regret exceedingly to inform you that I didn't think your short short by H. Bedford-Jones, " Moonlight Magic," was so hot. The main body of the story was mediocre, and I was expecting a knock-you-cold ending, to justify Liberty in printing the thing. But the end was disappointing and none too clear.—*F. Wilson.*

A Critic—

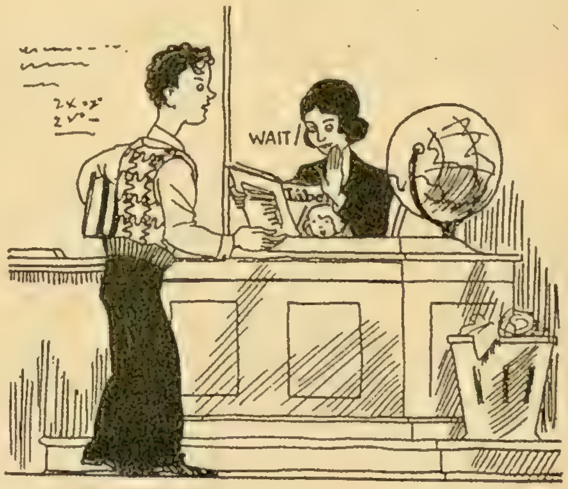
Cleveland, Ohio—I don't expect much in the line of literature for a nickel. And your publication proves my point!—*Harold Davis.*

—Gets Told

Lafayette, La.—Those knockers who are always *at* Liberty shouldn't be at liberty at all!—*Louis Gerard Duhon.*

Smart Teacher

Jackson, Miss.—I am a mere insignificant schoolboy of fifteen. But I want to commend your habit of noting the reading time of each story. You see, when I have finished my lessons I get my Liberty and look at my watch. If I find I have ten or fifteen minutes before the bell I pick out a story which takes about that length of time to read.



My teacher caught me one day and took my Liberty. I was to come back after school for it.

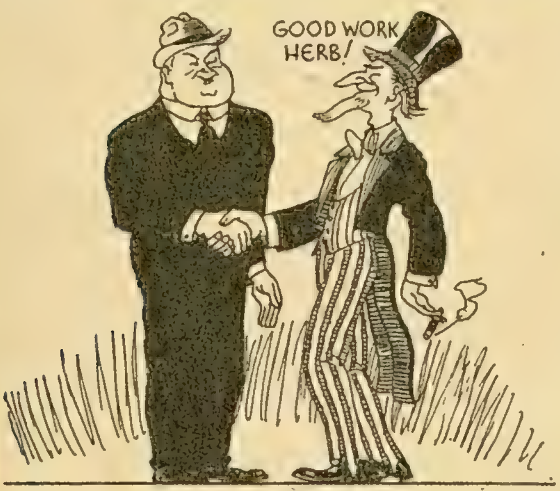
Imagine my surprise when she asked me to wait until she finished an installment of Rex Beach's " Beyond Control "!
—*Stewart C. Broom, Jr.*

Pop

Getting Hot About Mr. Hoover

CHICAGO, ILL.—I just read something that got my goat, plenty. It was called "Why I Am a Better Republican than President Hoover," and was by Senator George W. Norris.

Does a housewife dismiss her cook just when the cook is right in the midst of getting a delicious meal? No, she does not. Nor will the nation dismiss Hoover just when he is in the midst of carrying through constructive policies which are bringing us out of the depression.


GOOD WORK HERB!

Let me tell you something. I predict that Herbert Hoover will be elected by an overwhelming majority, and that a united nation will congratulate him on his victory. Believe it or not, that's what's going to happen.—*Republican Who Knows the U. S. A.*

P.S. Do you want to throw dollars away? If you do, bet on Roosevelt.

And Now, a Few Cold Words

ORANGE CO., CALIF.—Tell your pro-Hoover Vox Poppers that there are two classes of people who will not vote for their idol: the millions of men and women who lost their jobs under his administration, and the millions who expect to if he should be reëlected.—*Harold P. Sims.*

First Returns on a "First Story"

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—We are still weak from trying to decide what "The Weaker Vessel" was all about. (Perhaps the editor's head was the vessel meant.)

Reading it was like arriving at the theater in the middle of a thriller and trying to guess what you had missed. The only point we were sure about was that the wife really *was* dead. And that seems to be very little to pay five cents for.—*Two Toronto Tomboys.*

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—The short story, "The Weaker Vessel," written by Lamira A. Williams Jarrell, a previously unknown writer, is the best tale you have published for ages.

If that is what a beginner can do, don't ever again buy a story by a "big name."—*Emily Smithson.*

The Right to Be Unheralded

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Your editorial, "May God Help the Lindberghs!" was written in fine spirit, but I think there is something to be said for the other side.

To say that newspaper publicity was responsible for little Charles Lindbergh's death is going pretty far. Remember that as yet we don't know who stole that baby. And eventually we may discover that publicity had nothing to do with it.

Other babies have been stolen. They have been stolen from rich men who were never in the headlines. But someone knew they were rich. They have been stolen for revenge from parents who had no money and whose names were never in print.

Another thing Lindbergh should not forget. His overseas hop didn't make him. The publicity given his adventure did. Without that publicity Charles Lindbergh would be no more than an obscure mail pilot. He wouldn't be rich, he wouldn't be famous. He never would have met Anne Morrow.

Belle M. Morris

Publicity may have annoyed Lindbergh. But it also brought him everything he has that is desirable. It has not yet been proven that it took his son.

Let's withhold judgment so far as the "terrible" press is concerned. I see no reason, at present, for editors or reporters to put on the sackcloth.

Apologies are certainly not in order just yet.—*Belle M. Morris.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—"May God Help the Lindberghs!" was one of the finest editorials ever published in Liberty.

I wish every publication in the United States would give space for a reprint of it, and that overzealous newspaper men would pause as they read Colonel Lindbergh's plea for his children's rights to a normal life, respecting it as "man to man."—*Carolyn Blakeslee.*

It Means "Voice of the People"

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—Who the heck made up the name Vox Pop for those pages in your magazine reserved for amateur critics?

What does it mean?

It sounds like a new five-cent drink! —*Jo.*

What if We Have No Pipe?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Hey, Liberty, get funnier! A lot of the supposed-to-be-humorous stories and articles that you publish are about as funny as a broken leg.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it.—*G. Baldwin.*

Skip This. It's for Mr. Abbot's Eyes Only

GULFPORT, MISS.—I want to let Anthony Abbot into my great secret. Just him. I have been reading Liberty since it was first published some hundred years ago, more or less, and I'll tell this square-headed world of ours that I have read some very fine and thrilling stories. But Abbot's "About the Murder of the Circus Queen" has them all backed off the grand stand. He handles it in a masterly way. It's just boiling over with thrills and suspense!

In my opinion there are but two species of crab-tree readers who won't take off their hats to Abbot. One kind is the men who have no hats on. And the other kind is the bald-headed women.—*W. F. Robinson.*

He Does

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I nominate Albert M. Treynor for a laurel wreath. "Firemen Are a Menace" is the best story I've read in many a moon.

That feller Treynor has more smart cracks in him than an antique vase. I'll bet he tells jokes in his sleep. When you get on his fire wagon you sure go for a snappy ride.

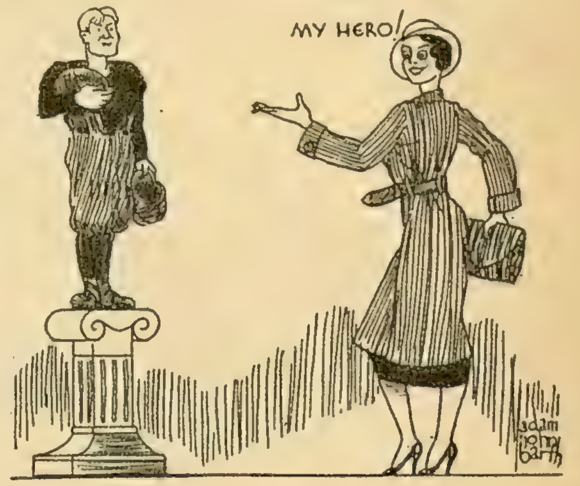
Does he know his country fire-eaters —or does he?—*August J. Krupka.*

Buy It Wholesale

CYPRESS, IND.—There was a time when Liberty was worth a nickel. But a nickel's money now.—*Charles.*

Gridiron Girl

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I'm a girl who loves to watch a good football or read a good football story. Good games come along often, but thrilling stories of the game are as rare as snow in October.



That's why I thought Matt Taylor's story, "The Idea of the Game," such a treat. It had a punch, and a clever, unexpected twist. And Mr. Taylor knows his football.

Give us more of this kind. And please, pretty please, Mr. Editor, do let us have a nice long serial glorifying the world's best game—football—and the men who play it.—*Isabel.*

Can You Solve This One?

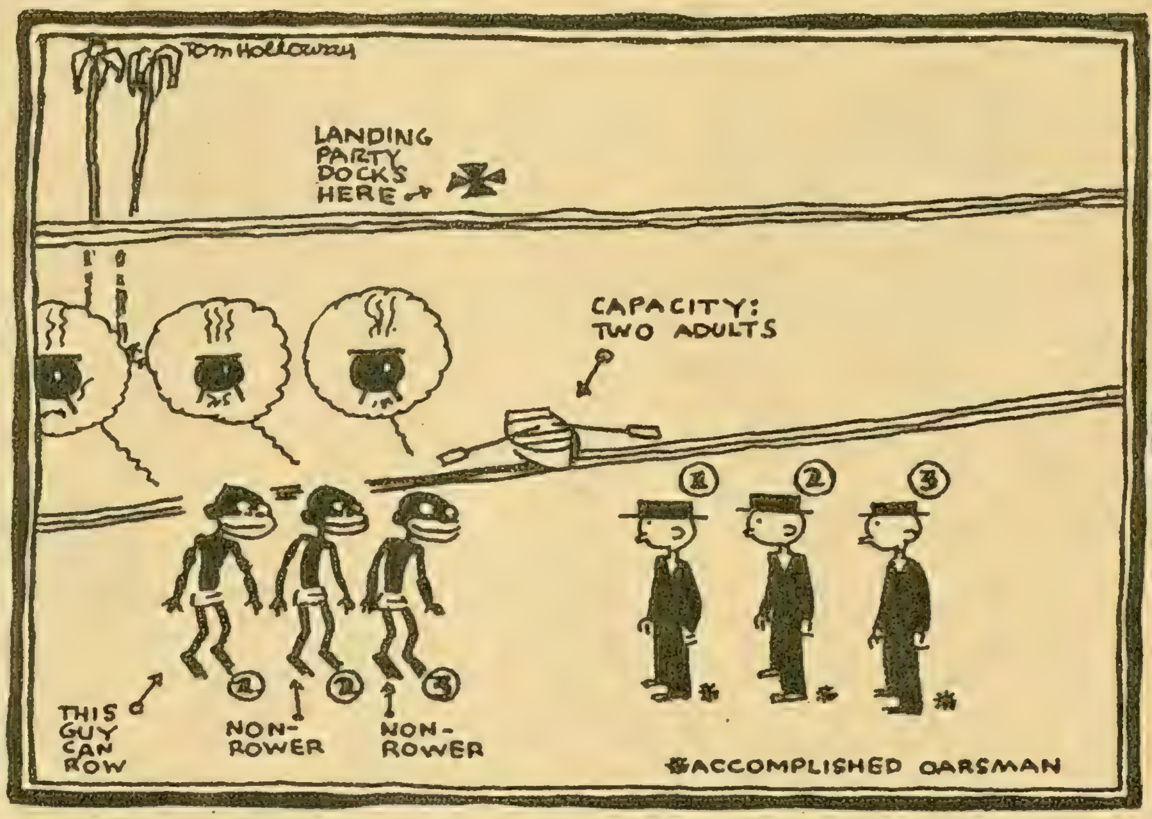
$250 IN CASH PRIZES

for rescuing the missionaries!

THESE ARE THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST	$50
SECOND	25
THIRD	15
FOURTH	10
TEN, each $5	50
FIFTY, each $2	100
SIXTY-FOUR PRIZES	$250

WHY NOT WIN ONE?



TRY your hand at this South Seas traffic problem! These six men—three missionaries and three cannibals—are marooned on a desert island. They are starving and must get back to the mainland for food. The cannibals undoubtedly would like to eat the missionaries, but as long as there are three men against three the missionaries are safe. As long as they maintain an equal division of numbers they will remain safe.

The problem of the missionaries is to get to the mainland in the one boat available without leaving any of them outnumbered at any time. That is, one missionary must not be left with two cannibals, nor two missionaries with three cannibals.

So far the problem looks comparatively simple. But there are complications. The boat has but one set of oars. It will carry but two persons at a time, the oarsman and one passenger. . Further, and this makes the situation worse, while all of the missionaries can row, only one of the cannibals is an oarsman.

Ladies and gentlemen, the problem is yours! The rules of the game are brief and simple. Read them carefully and then write out your claim to one of the worth-while cash prizes.

Liberty suggests that the use of coins may aid your study of the situation. Use three dimes to represent the missionaries and three pennies for the cannibals. Be sure to turn the copper representing the rowing cannibal head up!

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. The contest diagram shows three missionaries and three cannibals on a desert island. There is but one boat available and one pair of oars. It will carry only two persons at a time. All of the missionaries can row. Only one of the cannibals knows how to row.

3. The problem is to transport the missionaries to the mainland by the boat, never leaving any of the missionaries outnumbered by cannibals.

4. State your solution in the form of a letter, starting with a statement of the number of trips the boat must make. Use pen and ink or typewriter. Write on one side of the sheet only. Do not spend money in the preparation of elaborate, ornate solutions.

5. For the best letter submitted in the solution of this problem a cash prize of $50 will be paid. For the next best letter $25 will be awarded, etc., according to the schedule of prizes on this page. Letters will be judged on the basis of accuracy, clarity, and neatness.

6. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

7. In case of ties the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each tying contestant.

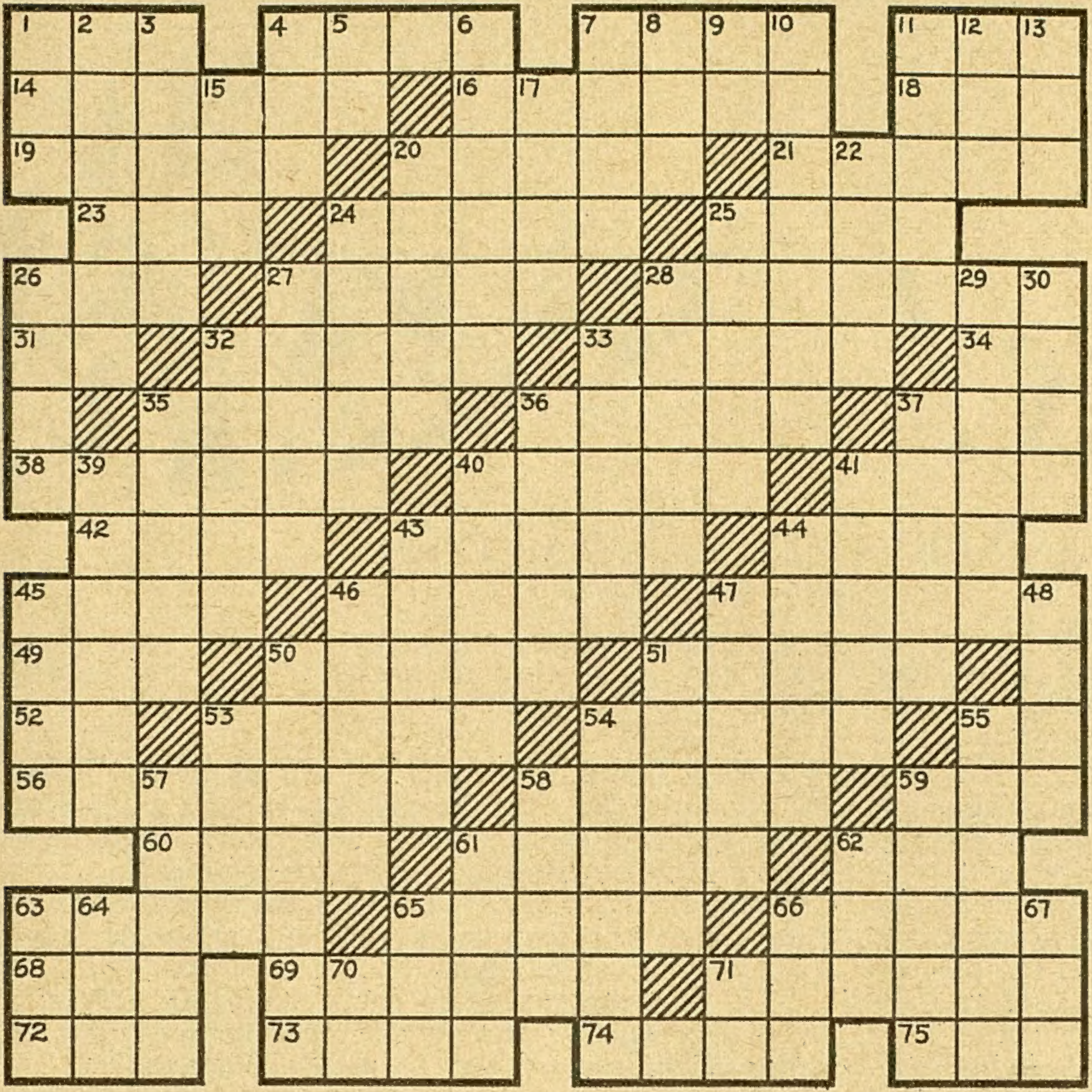
8. Mail your entry to Cannibal Contest Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

9. The closing date of this contest is Monday, October 31, 1932. Entries received later than that date will not be considered.

ANOTHER CONTEST AND MORE CASH PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

Cross Words

A New Puzzle

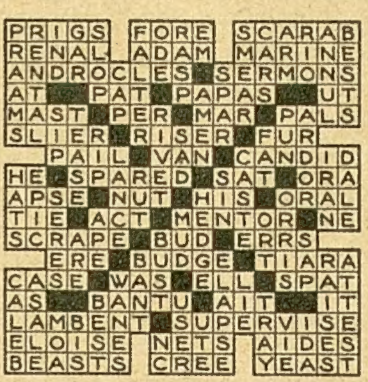


HORIZONTAL

1 Basal lobes of moss
4 City in Italy
7 A sportsman's halloo
11 A generation
14 A wind instrument
16 A pianolike instrument
18 Japanese coin
19 A mammary gland
20 Out of the way
21 Indian tent
23 Obtained
24 Greek gravestone
25 Hoar (obs. var.)
26 A pronoun
27 To breathe noisily
28 A game
31 A fish
32 Scarcely sufficient
33 A fortification
34 Live
35 Meager
36 Rule
37 Devoured
38 Regard approvingly
40 To rank
41 To daze
42 Bears young
43 Made of a hard wood
44 A man's name
45 Certain fishes
46 Scatter
47 Sweethearts
49 Craft
50 An anæsthetic
51 Defeats
52 Pronoun
53 Scoff
54 Ethical
55 Exist
56 Caster
58 Listens
59 Greek letter
60 Throw
61 Microbes
62 Head covering
63 Greek goddess
65 Large basins
66 Spread publicly
68 Constellation
69 Laud
71 Seek to attain
72 Form of to be
73 Cut, as lumber
74 Go suddenly
75 Compass point

VERTICAL

1 Combining form: sharp
2 Lived
3 Enthusiasm
4 By
5 Pronoun
6 Declare
7 Swagger
8 Cardinal number
9 Pronoun
10 Pertaining to Turks
11 Species of poplar
12 To agree
13 Compass point
15 A snare
17 Stack
20 Expiate
22 Ireland
24 Trap
25 A rustic
26 Eyes, as of beans
27 Disfigures
28 Condescend
29 Stupid
30 Observed
32 Turns rapidly
33 Regenerate
35 Clever
36 A raft dog
37 Minute particles
39 Famine
40 More unusual
41 Diminutive
43 Different
44 Another name
45 To prepare for work, as a loom
46 Metal alloy
47 Pumps water from a mine
48 Prefix: partly
50 Enfolds
51 Contours
53 Acid
54 Scored
55 Flowers
57 Ostriches
58 Fowls
59 Son of Priam
61 Acquire
62 A signal
63 Craw
64 Old English coin
65 To dress skins
66 A tree
67 River in Wales
70 Son of Nut
71 While



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PRIGS FORE SCARAB
RENAL ADAM MARINE
ANDROCLES■SERMONS
AT■■PAT■PAPAS■■UT
MAST■PER■MAR■PALS
SLIER■RISER■FUR
  PAIL■VAN■CANDID
HE■SPARED■SAT■ORA
APSE■NUT■HIS■ORAL
TIE■ACT■MENTOR■NE
SCRAPE■BUD■ERRS
  ERE■BUDGE■TIARA
CASE■WAS■ELL■SPAT
AS■■BANTU■AIT■■IT
LAMBENT■SUPERVISE
ELOISE NETS AIDES
BEASTS CREE YEAST
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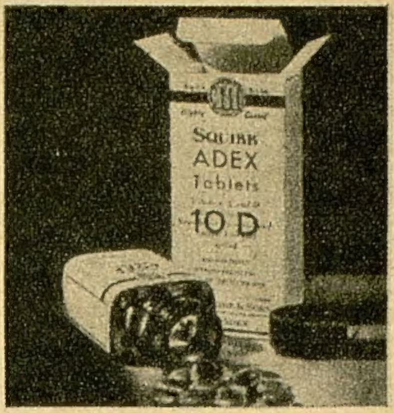
Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answer to Adex question on page 25—*Common winter ills trouble people most at times when their resistance is low.*



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With the perfection of a new, vitamin concentrate you can obtain all the health-building benefits of cod-liver oil in a form that's pleasant, easy to take!

Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D provide Vitamin A, the *resistance-building* factor, and Vitamin D, the essential sunshine vitamin. Each tablet contains as much of these two factors as *one-half teaspoonful* of Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10 D.

They will help you stay well this winter. They will help protect you against your usual winter ills. Get them now and take them *regularly every day*. Chocolate coated, easy to swallow. Get them at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—Tragus.

2—The insertion of needles into living tissue for remedial purposes.

3—The city of Edinburgh on account of its smoky appearance.

4—Washington, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Pershing, Bliss, March and MacArthur.

5—Benjamin Franklin.

6—A system of night signaling at sea.

7—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland, McKinley, and Wilson.

8—A wooden collar in which the neck and usually the hands are confined, used in China for punishment for minor offenses.

9—The phrase is said to have been used by a seer in speaking to Ancæus who was about to drink a cup of wine.

10—Lou Henry.

11—The Erie Canal.

12—About 3,500,000 square miles.

13—Milton.

14—The point of an orbit, as of the moon, at which the planet is in conjunction or opposition.

15—A resin left after distilling off the volatile oil of turpentine.

16—Shaddock and pomelo.

17—That consisting of 925 parts of silver and 75 parts of copper.

18—The 156th.

19—Alexander the Great.

20—It is formed from the two words *hot* and *tot*, of frequent occurrence in that language.

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)

LOIS MORAN is in a terrible fix. She thinks her sense of humor isn't what it ought to be. "I see jokes all right," she told me, "but I almost never say anything funny.

"I am trying very hard to develop my sense of humor," she added, "and I honestly believe that I am getting better."

That's Lois all over. In her screen work, on the stage, and in private life, she's a serious little girl doing her best to make the most of herself. Went in the movies when she was fourteen. Before that she wanted to be a ballet dancer.

Lois Moran

Her education was sketchy, she says, having been sandwiched in between trips to Europe. To make up for that she had an English tutor and an artistic mother. So now she reads D. H. Lawrence, owns pictures by Fujita and Rockwell Kent. Highbrow? Why not? Her mother is a great-great-grandniece of the great, great German poet, Johann Schiller.

Now that Lois has made a hit on the legitimate stage in Of Thee I Sing, she has decided to take up singing in a serious way. Vocal lessons every Friday.

She looks like a healthy country girl, wears no make-up off the stage, spends every week-end at the mountains. Expects to get married some day, but won't have one of those inseparable husbands.

"Two married friends of mine," she says, "boast that they haven't spent a night apart in ten years. I think that's awful!"

Lois Moran's real name is Lois Darlington Dowling. Born in Pittsburgh. Smokes.

IN these days when everyone seems to be heirloom-minded and antique-furniture-conscious, it amused me recently to find that there are people who cannot get rid of their heirlooms no matter how hard they try.

A certain lady in Pennsylvania inherited a bow-legged table from her ancestors. The table looked like a deformed crab, she says. She always hated it. Ten years ago she couldn't stand it any longer. Sold it to a junkman for a dollar.

This year her daughter married, and back came dat ole devil table among the wedding presents.

An elderly gentleman who scours the region for antiques had found it, bought it, presented it sentimentally with the following note:

"This belonged to your grandmother. How it ever got out of your family I do not know. It is a pleasure to return this heirloom to you."

The pleasure was all his. They keep the table in the attic. They hate it just as much as ever, all of them. But they don't dare sell it or throw it away for fear some other antique-hunting friend will buy it back for them again.

THRIFT and rabbits are part of every Frenchwoman's life. The French eat rabbits as commonly as we eat lamb chops. They raise rabbits in their back yards. And rabbits have fur as well as meat.

So the thriftiness of the French inspired the editor of a famous Paris fashion magazine to give his ladylike readers some useful advice.

"Let us transform our rabbit skins into furs," he wrote recently. "There are several methods; but here, ladies, is the easiest, and . . . least disagreeable."

Followed then a detailed lesson in rabbit skinning, scraping, and curing—a handy little treatise, in fact, for the amateur trapper. Daniel Boone would have loved it. It went on to reveal the secrets of fur dressing, deodorizing, cutting, fashioning.

Your rabbit coat was all there, from your back yard right on to your back. All you had to do was mind the instructions.

But can you imagine any American woman, no matter how thrifty, getting to work with a knife and carving herself a new fur coat out of a warren of rabbits?

READ Van Loon's Geography. It's like going back to school—but the teacher is more fun than a circus. (Published by Simon and Schuster.)

THREE cheers, say I, for the London Scottish and Midland Railway. That English railroad has just installed the cafeteria system in its dining cars.

Every autumn and winter I gad around this country, giving lectures in various cities. On the train I always overeat and waste hours in stuffy dining cars—and spend too much money. Thousands of people, I have discovered, feel as I do about this. A cafeteria dining car where you could get a light, quick meal at a reasonable price would be a godsend to the American traveling public, I believe.

If enough of you agree with me, we might start a movement. What's your reaction?

THIS is a year of years for those of us who are shapely. The new princess gowns, molded to the figure, flowing in suave close lines, show off the torso as no other style has done.

Broadcloth is the material *par excellence* for these gowns. Some of the broadcloth evening dresses are hot stuff—and hotter than that to wear. I saw one in black, very tight as to body, discreet epaulets over the shoulders, cut high at the throat with a W point, and nothing in back but your spine. A short jacket with enormous bell sleeves of ermine completes this superlatively smart costume.

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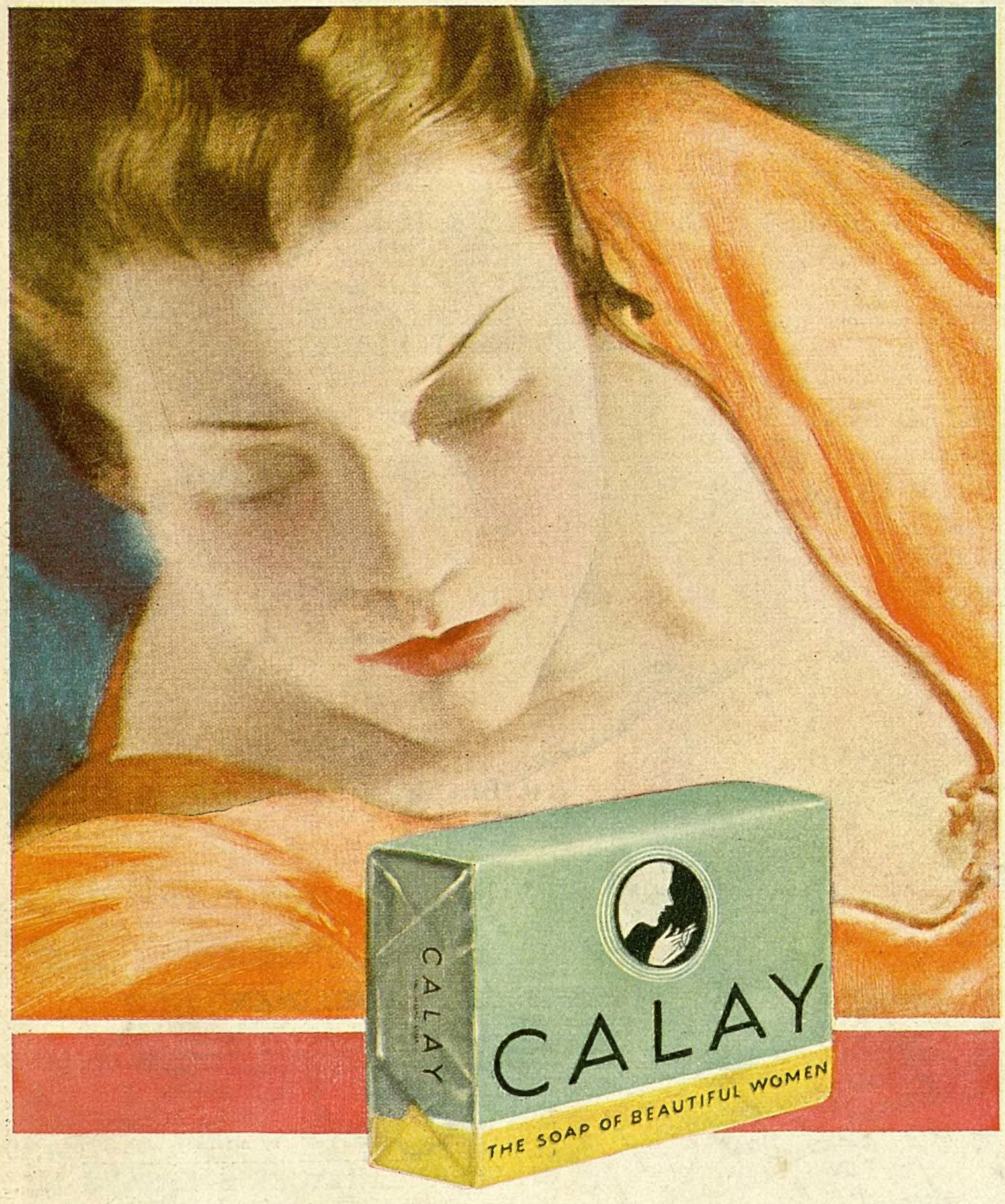
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